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GIVEN BY

Augustine Jones.

A WELSH FAMILY

A WELSH FAMILY

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE 18TH CENTURY

Those that he loved so long and sees no more
Loved and still loves —not dead but gone before
He gathers round him."

Rogers.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

I HAVE endeavoured to let the Welsh Family speak for themselves. Their history is told in the letters of three generations. The earlier of them record only the most important events, whether of joy or sorrow; but they are full of revelations of character. Free use has been made of the series of letters written by Mr. George Cadogan Morgan to his wife, during his travels on the Continent in 1789, and some extracts have been made from his lectures on electricity, published in 1794. These are now forgotten, but they contain forecasts of the future of that science which are worth preserving. In consequence of the connection between the family of Mr. Samuel Rogers and the Morgans, the latter possess a MS. which was found among the poet's papers, and which refers to Dr. Price. It must have been written soon after the doctor's death, and contains notes for a biography of him. The tribute paid by the young man to his old friend, so full of appreciation for his character, does honour to both, and the chief part of it has been quoted in these pages.

CAROLINE E. WILLIAMS.

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KENSINGTON.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

I HAVE been able to make some additions and corrections to the history of the Welsh Family. For the account of the district of Llangynwyd, from which they sprang, I am indebted to a very interesting work written by Mr. Evans of Llangynwyd, to whom my warm thanks are due. His history of Llangynwyd is rich in carefully collected facts which throw great light on the material and moral development of the people of that part of South Wales. I am indebted to Mr. Evans also for the introduction to Mr. Thomas of Cardiff, the accomplished artist, who has made the sketch of the old house at Tynton for me. It is a faithful representation of it in its present somewhat depressed condition, shorn of its wing, and deprived of some of its windows. The beauty of the situation in which it stands is clearly indicated. My cousin, George Ashburner (a great-grandson of George Cadogan Morgan) has converted some rough sketches made by me very long ago, into the drawings of Llandaff Cathedral and the old house at Bridgend, which are reproduced in this book.

A WELSH FAMILY

CHAPTER I.

LLANGYNWYD.

"YR HEN WLAD EIN TADAU."
THE OLD LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

UPWARDS of two hundred years ago, Tynton was the residence of the Prices, a Welsh family long settled in the parish of Llangynwyd, a wild, mountainous part of Glamorganshire of considerable extent—eight miles long by three miles wide. Its valleys, through which several streams flowed to the sea, were hidden behind barren hills, the mineral wealth of which was then unsuspected. No part of the United Kingdom has made such rapid progress or has undergone such a wonderful transformation as Glamorganshire within the last hundred years, up to which time Llangynwyd preserved all the characteristics of a primitive Welsh community. Within its bounds it presented an epitome

of Welsh history, full of memorials of the conquering races who had succeeded each other in the country, and of the fierce struggles by which their incursions had been resisted. Welsh names in that neighbourhood preserve the record of combats, battle cries, and encampments—the huge mysterious mound, the "Twmpath," behind Margam, and the lettered stone close by, are relics of this early period. The Romans left their traces in the remains of the great road that led across the hills to Brecon. The name of the district, Llangynwyd, tells of Saint Gynwyd, one of the earliest British converts to Christianity,—the names of numerous feudal castles date from the time of the Normans, when Llangynwŷd was part of the extensive possessions of a Norman Lord, and was called Tir Jarll (the land of the Earl). Later on, fine estates like that of Margam were carved out of monasteries and religious houses when Henry VIII. and his successors established the supremacy of the English Church, and appropriated to the parochial great tithes, funds formerly belonging to the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin at Margam.

Midst all these changes the inhabitants of Llangynwyd retained the marked features

of the national character: a love of liberty, which their long struggles had only confirmed, an impatience of any attempt to fetter their freedom of conscience, and a pride of pedigree which, while it encouraged a belief in their own pre-eminence as Welshmen, fostered a feeling of kinship among themselves. All the inhabitants of Llangynwyd may be said to have been connected by some tie of relationship. No man so humble but some strain of distinction may have ennobled him. If not descended from a prince, the blood of a bard might flow in his veins, for Llangynwyd had been a great bardic seat, and still boasted the possession of the bardic spirit among the natives. The diffusion of a wide-spread taste for poetical efforts and for the display of ready wit and happy impromptu (Barod Awen), had a refining influence in the days when popular education was not thought of, and when even people of condition were deficient in the very elements of knowledge. Women shared this inspiration, as is shown by the story of the poetesses of Tytalwyn, one of whom imposed upon her lover as a condition of her favour, the task of composing a poem giving the names of all the rivers of Glamorganshire and of their fountain

heads, a stanza of which is still preserved. Admiration for poetic gifts had much to do with the romantic story of the Maid of Cefn Ydfa. Her mother (a daughter of the Prices of Tynton and a sister of Rice Price) had married Mr. Thomas of Cefn Ydfa, and had soon been left a widow with an only child, a daughter, who grew up a beauty and an heiress. Mrs. Thomas destined her to be the wife of Anthony Maddock, the son of a wealthy neighbour. The beautiful girl was brought up in great seclusion, and it never occurred to the mother that her heart might be pre-engaged. She had, however, lost it to a young neighbour, the son of a tenant farmer in the neighbourhood, in a position inferior to their own, but endowed with good looks and talent. It is said he was descended from a famous Welsh bard, Hopkin Ap Einon Prent, of Llangrfelach; and it is certain that Will Hopkins possessed considerable poetic talent, and was famous for his ready wit and for his success in the impromptu efforts which were the delight of his contemporaries. Some of the charming poems with which he won the affection of Anne Thomas are still in existence. It is said they were often left for her in a hollow tree in the woods

of Cefn Ydfa, where the lovers met. When the affair was discovered Mrs. Thomas took strong measures to put an end to it, and after a painful struggle she carried out her plan for her daughter's marriage to Mr. Maddock. It ended in misery. The poor young woman pined till her health and mind gave way, and within two years of her marriage (after giving birth to a daughter, who soon died) her own death occurred. In her delirium she is said to have called so piteously for Will Hopkins that he was sent for, and tradition adds that he arrived just in time for her to recognise him and die in his arms. The Cefn Ydfa property ultimately went to the Mackworths, the descendants of Anthony Maddock by his second wife, and years afterwards Cefn Ydfa was the residence of Sir Digby Mackworth.

WELSH SONG COMPOSED BY WILL HOPKINS

TRANSLATED BY MRS. PENDRIL LLEWELYN.

"A simple youthful swain am I,
Who loves at fancy's pleasure,
I fondly watch the blooming wheat,
Another reaps the treasure.
Oh wherefore still despise my suit,
Why pining keep thy lover?
For some new charm, thou matchless fair,
I day by day discover.

"Each day reveals some new-born grace,
Or does fond faith deceive me?
In love to Him Who formed thy face,
With pity now receive me.
O raise thine eyes, one look bestow,
Yield, yield thine hand, my fairest,
For in thy bosom, witching maid,
My heart's sole key thou bearest."

TYNTON.

CHAPTER II.

RICE PRICE.

NID GWIR GWIR HEB EI GANLYN.
TRUTH IS NOT TRUTH UNLESS WE FOLLOW IT.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century Rice Price was born at Tynton. Not long before his birth an edict of Charles II. had thrown Llangynwyd into great excitement. The attempt to interfere with liberty of conscience by the "Act of Uniformity" largely contributed to the spread of dissent in Wales, and roused great indignation at Llangynwyd, the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Samuel Jones, being one of the ejected ministers. "There are no *two* Welshmen of *one* way of thinking," says the Welsh proverb. "Does dim dau Cymro o i un meddeol." Many of the principal parishioners, such as the Thomases of Cefn Ydfa and the Prices of Tynton, followed their beloved pastor literally into the wilderness, for he was compelled to conduct his religious services in barns and cowsheds. He removed from the Vicarage to Brynllywrach, a large farm-

house on the banks of the Llyfnwy, which remains much the same as when he lived there, with its massive woodwork of Welsh oak, and its green lawn, from which a charming view is obtained. Here, to eke out his subsistence, he started a school, at which he undertook the training of the youth of the neighbourhood. His pupils were sons of some of the principal families—a Mansel from Margam, and the two Prices of Tynton among the number. When a few years later, in 1672, the severity of this Act of Charles II. was relaxed, two chapels were built for the ejected minister, one at Bridgend, the other at Bettws, and for their endowment a farm was set aside by the Prices, and money was subscribed by other supporters, among whom was Sir Humphry Edwin, the Nonconformist Lord Mayor of London, whose representative in Glamorganshire is the Earl of Dunraven.

The teaching and example of the Rev. Samuel Jones sank so deeply into the hearts of the two young Prices, that they both became ministers of religion. Rice, the elder, gave his services to the congregations at Bridgend and at Bettws, which his family had helped to found and support. Samuel went to

London and became the co-pastor of Dr. Watts. Rice Price, as eldest son, eventually inherited the small family estate, and combined the management of it with the discharge of his ministerial duties. He was evidently a keen man of business, for he contrived to amass a fortune, very considerable for those days, which he increased by his first marriage with Miss Gibbon, who was said to have been not only rich, but saving to the verge of eccentricity.

No mercenary considerations influenced him in his choice of a second wife. His son and daughter were grown up when he was left a widower. Catherine Richards, whom he then married, was the youngest of the three handsome daughters of Dr. Richards, a much respected doctor at Bridgend. She had no fortune, but is said to have been a very beautiful and delightful woman. Her step-children soon afterwards married. John Price, the son, married an heiress, Catherine Williams, who by her relationship with the Powells, was connected with Llangynwyd; through her he came into possession of Park, a property in the eastern part of the county where he afterwards resided. Mary, Mr. Price's eldest daughter,

became the wife of Walter Coffin, a Somersetshire gentleman, who had a good property at Selworthy, near the town of Porlock, on that part of the English coast opposite to the sea shore near Bridgend.

The county of Glamogan stretches for forty miles along the Bristol Channel, and at the middle of it the Ogmore River (upon which Bridgend is built) runs into the sea. In those days, when no high road passed through the town, the sea was the best means of communication with the outer world. A fair was held once a year at the mouth of the Ogmore on the plain beneath the picturesque Ogmore Castle (the ruins of which still remain), and some intercourse was kept up between the English and Welsh counties on either side of the Channel. Mr. Coffin probably made the acquaintance of Mary Price on one of his expeditions to the Glamorganshire coast. The marriage took place at Bristol, 1729, and Mr. and Mrs. Coffin went home to Selworthy.

Ten years after this Mr. Price died very suddenly at Tynton, leaving a son and two daughters by his second marriage. His son Richard was only sixteen, and at the time of

his father's death was with a tutor at Talgarth, in Breconshire. His father had intended him to be a merchant, but he had very early shown a studious disposition, which had been encouraged by the education he had received. The theological enquiries into which he had also entered had led him in a direction unsatisfactory to his father, and the last time they were together Rice Price, finding his son reading a volume of sermons by Dr. Samuel Clark, the famous heretical Court chaplain to Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., was so displeased that he took the book out of the boy's hand and flung it into the fire. Mr. Price had always expressed his intention of leaving the property he had acquired by his marriage with Miss Gibbon to her children ; but it was found that he had also left the bulk of his own fortune to his eldest son, and that his widow and younger children had a very slender provision. Mrs. Price was obliged to quit Tynton and take up her abode in an old house at Bridgend on the banks of the river. Four hundred pounds was left to his son Richard, but this he insisted on dividing between his two sisters. It was very difficult for him to continue his studies for one year more at Talgarth, cheap

as was the education he received there. There is a tradition that he was boarded and educated for £5 a year. More than once he walked over the mountains that separate Breconshire from Glamorganshire to see his mother, once making the journey when it was very perilous, over roads covered with deep snow in the severe winter of 1740. His mother was then very ill. She only survived her husband one year, during which she bore the hardships imposed upon her with a patience and sweetness that made a deep impression on her son. His grief at her loss confirmed him in his serious turn of mind and inclined him to enter the ministry. After his mother's death he resolved to go for advice and assistance to his uncle, Mr. Samuel Price, who was settled in London as co-pastor to the celebrated Dr. Watts. The journey to London from South Wales was then a very formidable undertaking, and under the most favourable circumstances took a long time to accomplish. It was on this occasion that for the first and last time his eldest brother, Mr. John Price, came to his aid by the loan of a horse to ride as far as Cardiff in the year 1741. "Dick," said this gentleman, "your situation gives you some

claim to my assistance; my horse is at your service for the first twenty miles of your journey." From Cardiff Richard proceeded as best he could on foot, sometimes getting a lift in a passing waggon, and once being taken a stage on his way in the carriage of a lady who observed the weary youth toiling along the road.

When he reached London his uncle got him admitted as a student to the Hoxton Academy, where he attended the lectures delivered by Mr. Coward in Moorfields, and he also enabled him to take a humble lodging in Pudding Lane, near the Monument, where he lived over a barber's shop. The thick air of the city was very trying to the country youth, and before a year was over he was forced to go back to Bridgend to stay with his sister till he recovered. He had worked well at his studies, but though his theological education was conducted by very orthodox teachers, he continued to arrive at conclusions which were not more pleasing to his uncle than they had been to his father. He already showed a taste for scientific pursuits, and made such progress that a present of ten pounds for the purchase of a pair of globes was made to him by a gentleman

who was interested in him. It was the first time in his life that he had been the master of that sum, but he sent it immediately to his sisters—who still managed to live in the house at Bridgend in which their mother had died.

NEWCASTLE CHURCH, BRIDGEND.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM MORGAN OF TYL YR COCH.

CAR CYWIR YN YR ING AI GWELIR.
THE TRUE FRIEND IS SEEN IN ADVERSITY.

Sally Price, the elder of Richard Price's two sisters, was not nineteen when her mother died. The house in which her sister and herself lived was damp, and a low fever attacked them both, caused probably as much by the privations to which they were exposed as by the unhealthiness of the situation. It was during this illness that Mr. William Morgan of Tyl yr Coch proved himself such a good friend to them. This gentleman had succeeded Dr. Richards, their grandfather, as a doctor at Bridgend. He possessed land in the neighbourhood and had inherited Tyl y Coch by female descent from the Cadogans, who had once ruled over the whole valley of the Rhondda, at the head of which that property lies. It was one of his ancestors who had defended the bridge over the Ystrad river against the foe that menaced the valley: single-handed he

encountered them, and after three hundred of the invaders had been laid low, he called out to his followers, "Sharpen my Axe," the motto of the family, and the war cry of the Rhondda.

Surnames were for a long time not fixed in Wales. William and his brother John retained their father's surname. Their forefathers had been merely known as the sons of Gwyllim or Cadogan, or Morgan. Their father, Mr. Morgan of Parquilt, had given his two sons an excellent education. John died early, but his brother William used to say he was as good a classical scholar as himself, and he was a very good one. It required a better education than was usual in those days to become a member of either of the learned professions. Mr. Morgan was a widower without children and lived in a good house in the higher part of Bridgend. It was said to occupy the site of one of the castles from which two parts of the town are named—Newcastle and Oldcastle. Very slight traces of either ruin remained even then, but the walls of Mr. Morgan's house at Newcastle were said to have once formed part of the ancient castle. Sally Price and her sister owed their recovery from the low fever

to Mr. Morgan's treatment—the secret of which, it is said, consisted in the prescription of a generous diet, which he contrived to supply from his own table. It ended in his falling in love with his elder patient, who was as handsome as she was clever. He won her heart in return, for though he was a good deal older than she was, he had all the qualities that inspire affection, and though not rich, he was one of the best known and most universally respected men in the county, and was connected with many of the principal families. He was not only the chief doctor in the town, but from one side of Glamorganshire to the other his professional services were in request. His company, too, was hailed with delight at the country houses of his patients, for he was not merely superior in learning to the country squires of those days, but possessed a sprightly wit and much shrewd commonsense. He made regular progresses from one country seat to another, riding everywhere with his pharmacopœia in his saddle-bags, and dispensing his medicines to gentle and simple from the still room of his hosts.

Dulness reigned in the country houses. The men spent their lives in field sports,

and were often given up to coarse indulgence when indoors. In the towns, if there was a little more life, it was caused by the circulation of the most trifling and uncharitable gossip. The very fact of belonging to a profession which had for its object the alleviation of human suffering tended to raise the character above this low level. Mr. Morgan seems to have been singularly free from the littleness and meanness of his time and neighbourhood. He had much of the spirit that had distinguished an ancestress of his, Gladys Gwyllim, whose epitaph remains in Coity Church, near Bridgend .—

> " Courteous reader, stop and see
> The resting-place of charity,
> And learn from her who lies below
> Thy riches wisely to bestow.
> She fed the hungry, clothed the poor,
> Nor turned the stranger from her door;
> She served her God and neighbour too,
> These things she did, so shouldst thou do."

It was on the 7th December, 1744, that Sally Price rode from Bridgend to Llandaff to be married to William Morgan in the old Cathedral, where a register of the event is to be found. They rode back the same day to their house on Newcastle Hill at Bridgend, the bride on a pillion behind her husband.

For many years the Morgans led a very busy and happy life. Seven children were born to them, three sons and four daughters. Mrs. Morgan's younger sister Elizabeth married about the same time, and after living for a few years in a neighbouring town, was left a widow with her little girls, and returned with them to Bridgend, where she married a second time, and is better known as Mrs. Flew. The eldest brother, Mr. John Price, meanwhile was justifying his father's choice of him as an heir by accumulating wealth and attaining a dignified position in the county. He lived at Park, and some intercourse was kept up between the Morgans and himself. Mr. Morgan occasionally stayed with his brother-in-law on his way to Cardiff and the eastern part of the county. Mr. Price and Mr. Morgan had, however, very little in common. The latter was remarkable for his indifference to money and for his scorn for meanness, while the former could not help giving proofs of a very different disposition. There were transactions between them about a small property called Parquilt, which made Mr. Morgan once say: "I am ashamed to reflect that brother John has so long professed the Christian religion

attended with so little Christian charity." Mr. Morgan was not a wealthy man. His estate in the hills, which afterwards proved rich in minerals, then brought him in a very small income, and he was not the man to make money out of his patients. Long afterwards his eldest son used to say, "What a fortune my father would have made if he had charged for his physic what doctors do now." Mr. Morgan had in truth an uncommonly independent spirit. His son always remembered one instance of his disinterested behaviour. "If my father had not been an honest man," he would say, "the prettiest place near Bridgend might have been mine."

The Squire, who was then owner of Merthyr Mawr, was very fond of Mr. Morgan, and disliked his next heir. "I shall leave my estate to your son," he said. "You shall do no such thing," the Doctor replied, "for you have a nephew of your own," and he would not hear of the arrangement. We owe any knowledge we have of this family party in Glamorganshire to the close tie that united Mrs. Morgan and her husband to her brother, Richard Price, and the letters that passed between them bring all the members of it before us.

CHAPTER IV.

RICHARD PRICE.

GOREU DEFAWD DAIONI.
THE BEST HABIT IS GOODNESS.

Not long after Mrs. Morgan's marriage her brother, Richard Price, entered the ministry and preached at Edmonton. He also acted as chaplain to Mr. Streatfield, a rich member of his congregation, at whose house at Stoke Newington he lived. He was the most conscientious and candid of men, and was so impressed with the idea that it was his duty to devote himself exclusively to his profession, that for some years he denied himself the pleasure of pursuing the scientific studies which afterwards made him so well known. The discouragement he felt in the discharge of these ministerial duties (in which he thought himself a failure), led him at length to try to employ his abilities in some other direction for the benefit of mankind. Discourses (which afterwards, when he had become famous, were

listened to and read with delight by distinguished contemporaries) now fell flat on the sleepy ears of his small afternoon congregation. With his usual diffidence he attributed to his own want of eloquence the apathy and indifference of his after-dinner hearers. In 1756 Mr. Streatfield died, leaving him a handsome legacy. The house in which he had lived with Mr. Streatfield became the property of Lady Abney, the lady of the manor, who also was his life-long friend. About the same time his uncle, Mr. Samuel Price, died, and he also left his nephew some property. He was thus secured from all pecuniary anxiety for the rest of his life, and was enabled to show what wonders could be done with moderate means by a truly generous man. He was now in a position to marry Sarah Blundell, the lady to whom he was attached. She was the only child of a man who had lost a large fortune in the South Sea Bubble. Only a modest remnant of his wealth was left for her—a few thousand pounds and the house in which she lived with two or three lady friends. It was situated quite in the centre of London, at the corner of King Street, Cheapside. By education and association she was very different from the man

she married; but he had fallen in love with her at first sight, and his affection for her never failed. She was a Churchwoman, and always continued to go to Church. A few years after her marriage she had a severe illness, and her health after that was always very delicate. Nothing could exceed the devotion of her husband to her. The friends who had lived with her before her marriage were always welcome at his house, and one or two of these ladies were generally to be found there. One of them was Mrs. Barker, some of whose descendants —the Collet's—have been and are remarkable for talent.

Mr. Price had no children. He was deeply attached to his sister, Mrs. Morgan, and her husband, and was ever ready with advice and assistance to them and their children. He loved his native country, and returned every autumn to Wales, delighting to revisit the neighbourhood of Bridgend. He was especially fond of the sea coast near it. In his youth he had climbed the cliffs at Southerndown and had sat for hours on the rocks, and he generally spent a short time every year on the seashore at a lodging which stands there still.

It was a very long journey from London to Bridgend, and he usually made it on horseback. Once indeed he came down into the country with his friend, Lady Abney, in her coach and four. She wished to visit the scenes described to her by him. No carriage was then kept at Bridgend, and when her chariot came into the town there was no coach-house to receive it. Young William Morgan remembered that it had been left in the street for the night. It was after his marriage that Richard Price first turned to those mathematical and philosophical studies which introduced him to a wide circle of acquaintances. In 1761 he was called upon to examine the papers of a friend who had left him his executor, and among these some remarks on a Friendly Society led him to make calculations on the subject of Life Assurance. Up to this time a great prejudice had extended in the public mind against this form of providence, and the few attempts that had been made to establish institutions with this object had not been based on scientific principles.

Mr. Price was a good mathematician, and he turned his attention to the doctrine of chances and collected statistical information

with the desire of placing such societies on a sound foundation. The Northampton Tables, for which he was responsible, were the result of an enquiry into the value of life in England at that time. He made valuable contributions to the Royal Society on the subject, and his paper on the " Doctrines of Chances " procured him the honour of being made a fellow of that body. It is said that his hair turned grey in many parts during one night, in his anxiety to test a mathematical problem in which he was reluctant to believe the celebrated mathematician, De Moivre (a great authority on " Probability ") wrong and himself right, as was actually the case.

Such a character as his was naturally greatly beloved by his own family. On his visits to Wales (whither Mrs. Price often accompanied him) he took great pleasure in the society of the younger generation. His brother's only daughter Margaret was an especial favourite with him. She married Mr. Lewis, of Newhouse, a very pretty place near Cardiff, not very far from Park, her father's home. Her brother, Samuel Price—Mr. John Price's eldest son—had no children, so it was to Mrs. Lewis's descendants that the accumulated fortune of

her grandfather, Rice Price, went. Some of his wealth was destined to add brilliancy for many years to a great career. Lord Beaconsfield's wife brought him the jointure she enjoyed as widow of Wyndham Lewis, Margaret Price's son. Another of Mr. Price's nieces, Mrs. Bowen, the daughter of his youngest sister, lived with her husband at Merthyr Mawr, the pretty place near Bridgend once offered to Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan's eldest son, William, stayed with Dr. Price at Newington Green while pursuing his studies for the medical profession. The visit was delightful to the young man; and his uncle, in a letter to his sister, June 17th, 1770, says:—"I have much satisfaction in my nephew Billy," and (alluding to the young man's good qualities, and to his inclination to think very seriously) he adds, "you know the religion I am for is not a sour or enthusiastical religion, but a religion free from bigotry, superstition, and uncharitableness, and that shows itself in all good works and amiable qualities as well as in the discharge of the duties of devotion." It was apparently the tendency of that time for serious young people to write in rather a stilted, not to say "enthusiastical" strain.

Billy constantly dwells in his letters to his mother on the vanity and shortness of life, and on its insignificance in comparison with that which is to follow. He took a very melancholy view of leaving his uncle. "It is a sad and gloomy prospect," he said, "to leave my heavenly-minded friends at Newington Green, among whom such unbounded love reigns. The thought of separating from Dr. Price damps every pleasure and checks the joy I should otherwise feel in returning home." He was alarmed by the thought of the petty squabbles and "jealousies and the adversaries likely to rise up against a young beginner in so small a place"—though to his mother he adds, "If I come to you I am assured of a constant friend." It was his father's wish that he should return to Bridgend that he might succeed him as a doctor, and be a comfort to his mother.

CHAPTER V.

THE MORGANS.

NID DOETH OND DETHOL Y GORAU.
THERE IS NO WISDOM LIKE CHOOSING THE BEST.

In 1769 William Morgan writes to his brother-in-law, Dr. Price:—"I shall probably in a few years be obliged to quit the stage or be rendered incapable, or perhaps lose my old friends without any assistance." His partner, Mr. Sidney, had retired. "William has a greater inclination for academical learning than for the study of pharmacy, but I am anxious to have a representative in my eldest son in case of my death, to assist his mother in bringing up George to be the head with her of the rest. George," he adds, "has nothing but what I can give him. Jack (the youngest son, who afterwards died) will have a little land after my life and his mother's" (referring to what is called the Borough Custom, by which copyhold land is inherited by the youngest son). "Billy is willing to comply with my wishes, notwithstanding," says his father, and soon afterwards the young man, who was not

yet nineteen, had gone up to study medicine in London.

The expense of placing him as a pupil with a physician was greater than his father could manage, "for that would involve two years of academic learning." Dr. Price's home and purse were ever open to his nephew, but the youth chafed under difficulties, and fancying he might be thought wanting in energy and independence of spirit, he hastily engaged himself to an apothecary at Limehouse Docks. The life of an apothecary's assistant, combined with attendance at the hospital, was a very hard one at the best. Mr. Smith proved a very disagreeable master. After a long day's work among the poor dock labourers, the young man had to sleep under the counter, and to submit to the brutal conduct of a very vulgar employer. "He treated me no better than a dog," William Morgan used afterwards to say, and there is a memorandum of his which tells his story:—"Went to Mr. Smith at Limehouse, July 11th, 1769. Left him October 11th in a pet at my quarter's end." The provocation was great, for he said, "My Welsh temper could stand it no longer, I turned upon him and laid him in the kennel."

A much more amiable master was next found for him by his uncle. He remained with him very happily till nearly the end of his medical career. Another entry in his diary refers to this engagement, "Came to Mr. Bradney in Cannon Street, Oct. 12th, 1769, agreed with him for £16 a year." During the winter months he found it necessary to take a lodging in London, and he writes to his mother, "It is really as much as I can do to attend to the shop and hospital." He made distinguished progress, however. His notes of the lectures he attended still remain written out in his exquisite handwriting, as a proof of his industry and ability, and it is said that the great surgeon under whom he studied declared him to be his best pupil, though Clive, afterwards so eminent, was his fellow student. From his lodging at Mrs. Kent's, Haberdasher, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, he carried on a correspondence with his family at home, and some verses written to his brother George in imitation of VI. Ode of Horace, Book 4, show that he does not forget his native place.

Dear George who joyfully would roam
Far from thy Cambria's happier home,
Thy brother to attend.
Him should the cruel fates ordain

In gayer France or graver Spain
His dismal life to spend,
Know all my wish is to retreat
When age has quenched my youthful heat,
And all my toils resigned.
Coity shall banish every strife,
And bless my later part of life
With general peace of mind.
But should the pleasing hope be vain,
May I that pleasing seat attain
Where Ogmore's waters roll,
Where rapid Ogmore swiftly glides,
And flocks adorn its flowery sides,
To raise my drooping soul.

Mr. Morgan's two eldest children were girls. He was very anxious to make them independent, for he was in advance of his time on the subject. Having no fortune to give them, he could not endure the thought of leaving girls unprovided with the means of self-help, who had been accustomed to a pleasant home where they had associated with the best society. A superior education did not at that time open out a career for women, but he had a high opinion of their capacity for business, and he resolved that while they lived at home they should have some profitable occupation. Kitty, his second daughter, used long afterwards to describe her feelings when her father first acquainted her elder sister and herself with his plan. "I cried bitterly," she said, "though the next two years were the happiest

in my life." She passed them in a busy and prosperous attention to their business and in the society of her sister Betsey, whom she described as the best and cleverest creature in the world. Betsey's health was delicate. There is a letter of hers with descriptions of her visits for change of air to her relations at Park, where "they were exceedingly civil," and to New House, where she spent a day with her cousin, Mrs. Lewis, and had a drive into Cardiff with her Aunt Price. She had also a kind friend in Mrs. Bassett, to whom she paid visits, who lived at Llanblethian, a delightful village near Cowbridge. A great rivalry existed between the neighbouring towns of Cowbridge and Bridgend, to which Betsey refers in describing the gaiety of the former place during her young sister Nancy's recent visit there. "She has attended races and three balls—for at Cowbridge there is a vast deal of company and assemblies every fortnight. What are we at Bridgend to compare with this? We only have a concert every month, at which the neighbouring gentry of Tregroes and Merthyr Mawr are performers." It is in this letter that Betsey alludes to her father's plans for her brother George. He was then at Cowbridge

Grammar School, and she says, "he is much better pleased to be brought up a clergyman and to go to Oxford, than to be brought up an apothecary. I wish it may be better for him, he is a very sensible boy." Betsey's illness, and her death which followed, was the first great trouble in the Morgan household. Her letters are full of forebodings mingled with her accounts of her riding about in search of health. "Life is short and of uncertain continuance," she wrote. "It highly concerns us to look about and take good heed how we employ our time, for we know not how soon we shall be taken out of it." On July 8th, 1771, Betsey died at the age of 26.

"The death of my dear daughter Betsey," wrote her father to his eldest son, "leaves us all, myself and her mother especially, in sorrow and tears, and every one of her brothers and sisters also; for how can it be otherwise when we reflect on her quiet, easy behaviour, adorned with so many Christian graces that she taught us how to live and how to die." In a letter to a friend and patient, Colonel Knight of Tythegstone, he also refers to his loss. "Your remark with respect to chalking out our future happiness is very just. I, by woeful experience, have found the whole chain

by the failure of one link, broken to pieces. You can't conceive how my spirits have been depressed by the sickness of one of my girls. To the eye of reason the loss of one in seven, provided with so small a fortune, appears to be of small consideration, but our Maker has interwoven in human nature an uncontrollable affection for our children, be they never so many." It was not very long after Betsey's death that the youngest son, Jack, a very promising boy of fourteen, was seized with fever, and died after a very short illness. It is surprising to meet with such constant references to epidemics of fever and putrid sore throats in those days. The situation of Bridgend is highly favourable to health. It is chiefly built on fine mountain limestone soil, in an undulating country watered by the Ogmore, a rapid mountain stream. The air, fresh from the high downs on one side, is sweetened by the breezes from the seashore, which is within four miles from the town. The utter neglect of all sanitary precautions, however, often caused serious illness. No care was taken to *preserve* the purity of air or water. The fever and sore throats were due to ignorance of the common laws of health, and the

medical treatment of those days was not more intelligent. Mr. Morgan won his reputation as a doctor, not by being wiser than his contemporaries about medicine, but by the strong common sense which often made his practice more rational than his theories, as when he saved Sally Price's life by prescribing remedies from his kitchen rather than from his pharmacopæia.

The death of his two children affected him deeply. His own strength was giving way. He mounted the hill that led to his house at Newcastle with more and more difficulty. He leant on his son's arm, and would often stop at a certain point to rest. It was about this time that a young competitor for the medical practice appeared in the town. Jenkin Williams, the son of a neighbour, was a handsome young man. Mr. Morgan did not much approve of the gay dress of his young rival, and feared that the good-looking young doctor with his tall person (he was six feet) might turn the heads of his daughters. "Girls," he would say, "don't lose your hearts to this young coxcomb with his fine gold-laced hat."

Not very long after this, in the summer of 1772, not six months after the death of his son

Jack, Mr. Morgan's own death occurred. He had an attack of gout and died after a very short illness. He had dined the day before at Dunraven Castle, where he had so long been welcomed as a doctor and a friend. Dr. Price was about to pay a visit to Lord Shelborne at Calne (his seat in Wiltshire) when he heard of his brother-in-law's death. Feeling that the greatest comfort he could give his widowed sister would be to see her, he resolved to come on from Calne, which would be half-way to Glamorganshire, to spend a few days with her at Bridgend. Mrs. Morgan had good reason to rely on her brother for all possible support and consolation, and her children found in him a father.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WILLIAMSES OF STORMY.

NID RHAIDI DDEDWYDD NAM EI ENI.
"THE LUCKY NEED ONLY BE BORN."

Mr. Morgan's son, William, made a brave attempt to carry out his father's wish that he should succeed him in his practice at Bridgend, and assist his mother. He relinquished to her entirely the proceeds of the estate at Tyl yr Coch, which came to him as eldest son on his father's death, and never took a farthing from it during her life. He was scarcely twenty-one, and not all his ability could make up for his youth in the opinion of his father's old friends. He had, moreover, a physical defect —a club-foot—which was an objection in the eyes of some of his patients.

Jenkin Williams, his formidable competitor for their favour, was meanwhile justifying his father's apprehensions by paying his addresses to William's sister Kitty. His suit was for some time discouraged, not only by the family,

but by Kitty herself. He penned many eloquent letters to her, for he always prided himself on his scholarship, while Kitty, who really possessed bright parts, found great difficulty in replying to them, as her education had been neglected in the matter of spelling. "My sister Kate," William Morgan afterwards said, "writes the best letter in the family, but it is very ill spelt," and she had to coax her young brother George to help her in spelling her love letters. Once, it is said, she locked him up to secure his services, when he took his revenge by spelling the letter all wrong. She married Jenkin Williams at last in 1773. There is a tradition that there was a relationship between the Morgan Williams who was Oliver Cromwell's father, and the Morgan Williams who had come from Monmouthshire, from the same district from which Oliver Cromwell sprang, to settle in Glamorganshire. Jenkin Williams' father was the descendant of this Morgan Williams, and was settled at Stormy, a farm of good size, forming part of the beautiful estate which stretches along the valley to the west of Bridgend, and which belonged to the old family of Mansel. Margam Abbey, the seat of its present representative,

Miss Talbot, is built close to the fine ruins of the old abbey. It must have cost Mr. Williams of Stormy no little self-denial to bring up three sons to learned professions, sending the youngest to Oxford to make a clergyman of him, while both his eldest son, Jenkin, and his son David, were brought up to surgery. The latter settled in Norfolk, and having married Miss Elwin, the daughter of a man of good position who had filled the office of High Sheriff in that county, he became a very popular doctor, attending the principal families in the neighbourhood, among whom was General Bulwer—Bulwer Lytton, the novelist's father. Horace Walpole held a commission in the Norfolk Militia, to which Mr. David Williams was surgeon, and the story goes that a wrestling match once took place between them. David Williams was celebrated for his skill as a wrestler, and nothing would do for Horace Walpole but to challenge the Welshman. General Bulwer being present, and friendly to Mr. Williams, said to him, "Now, doctor, don't beat Walpole if you wish to get into his good graces. Let the match be as stiff as you like, but when you have made him feel your power give him the victory, for he is

so eaten up with vanity that he hates those who excel him in anything." Mr. Williams took the advice, wrestled long and powerfully, making Walpole apprehensive of defeat, but at last allowed victory to remain with him, thereby securing a good friend. On his sister's marriage to Mr. Williams, William Morgan gave up the struggle for practice to his brother-in-law, and went up to London to seek the advice and assistance of his uncle, Dr. Price. Dr. Price was at that time a great authority on financial questions. Finance was the subject of his most important scientific papers. His opinion was sought for by leading statesmen. Pitt requested several interviews with him, and expressed the greatest respect for the scheme for a sinking fund which had originated with Dr. Price, from whom he received the fullest and clearest information on the subject. Three plans for the extinction of the debt were furnished by the doctor, with a strong recommendation of the first scheme. Pitt, however, chose the third, though it had been especially described as the least advantageous by Dr. Price, whose plan was very imperfectly carried out. As Pitt never acknowledged his obligation for the advice which he had solicited

and rejected, no little injustice has been done to Dr. Price. Finance formed the subject of the correspondence which took place between him and the eminent Frenchmen, Turgot, Necker and Condorcet. In a letter from Condorcet, the following passage occurs, "Political arithmetic is still far from making all the progress of which it is capable. I consider it the most useful of all sciences, and from which the greatest good will result to the human race in general." So high was the value set upon Dr. Price's services as an adviser on financial matters by the leaders of the American Revolution, that a resolution was passed by Congress, Oct. 6th, 1778, attested by Benjamin Franklin, Arthur Lee, and John Adams, directing these three gentlemen "to inform Dr. Price that it is the desire of Congress to consider him a citizen of the United States, and to receive his assistance in regulating their finances. That if he shall think it expedient to remove with his family to America, and to afford such assistance, a generous provision shall be made for requiting his services." He declined it on account of his age, adding that "America was now the hope, and would soon be the refuge of mankind." This answer was

sent by way of France in a packet, on board of which Mr. Lawrence was taken prisoner, and the packet, including the letter, was thrown overboard, but an English sailor dived down and recovered it. When young William Morgan came up to seek his uncle's advice, Dr. Price had been much consulted by the founder of the Equitable Assurance Society, as he was then a great authority on the subject of Life Assurance. It was quite in its infancy. Its operations, now conducted on such a grand scale, with such a gigantic capital, were then very small, and the business was carried on in modest premises near Blackfriars Bridge. Dr. Price rode over there almost daily from Newington Green; his figure was well known in the streets through which he passed, so much smaller was London in those days. He rode on the white horse to which he was so much attached, dressed in a blue greatcoat and black spatterdashers, and he was often diverted by hearing the carmen and orange-women say, "There goes Dr. Price, make way for Dr. Price!" The sight of a black coat, it was said, caused a complete revolution in his nephew William Morgan's fortunes. Dr. Price had been from home, and on his return

he heard that the Actuary of the Equitable Assurance Company was at death's door, and riding to Blackfriars he perceived signs of mourning. The Actuary was dead. It was not easy then to find people qualified for the office. Pondering on the difficulties as he rode home, he suddenly thought of his nephew, who was then staying at Newington Green. "Billy," he said, "do you know anything of mathematics?" "No, Uncle," was the reply, "but I can learn." In an incredibly short time he made himself a proficient, and became the next Actuary. A house at Chatham Place and a salary of £120 a year appeared brilliant prosperity to the young man. He pursued his studies in mathematics with the same ardour and with even more distinguished success than that with which he had studied medicine. His fortune was made. He sent for his sister Nancy to be his housekeeper, and the young people for the next six or seven years led a very happy life together. George Morgan had also come up to London, and was staying at Newington Green, preparing himself for the ministry.

A great change had taken place in the young man's views since his sister Betsey had

described him as looking forward to going to Oxford to prepare for the Church. His father's death not only altered his circumstances, but threw him into the society of his uncle, Dr. Price, just at the age when an ardent youth is most susceptible of impressions. His letters are full of serious reflections on the vanity of human affairs. While he was spending his vacation of 1773 at "the Green" the sudden death of Mr. John Barker, the son of one of his aunt, Mrs. Price's, greatest friends, increased his melancholy. He lost in him "a companion whose virtue, steadiness, and integrity of character" had deeply impressed him, and he describes his mind as "confused with sorrow and distress." Far from regretting the University career he had formerly desired, he regarded Oxford and Cambridge as full of debaucheries and luxuries, and feared that Westminster School might prove scarcely less dangerous for the young sons of his old friend, Mr. Knight of Tythegston. It was happy for George at this time that he was able to turn his mind to scientific subjects, in which through life he took so deep an interest. Dr. Price was then preparing the tables of life insurance which he was about to present to

Parliament, and his nephew was able to render him assistance. A Welsh paper lately claimed for Welshmen the credit of important contributions to the science of finance. "William Pitt," it said, "it is well known owed his scheme of finance to Dr. Price of Bridgend; and Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone, all in their turn sought the advice of the late Lord Overstone—Jones Loyd—a Welshman who began life as a Unitarian minister, and whose highest ambition at one time had been to occupy the pulpit at Bridgend."

CHAPTER VII.

DR. PRICE.

IAWN POB IAWN LLE BO IAWN.

"IT IS JUST TO CLAIM JUSTICE.

DURING the ten years that now followed, the world was agitated by the American War. George Morgan was with his uncle when the struggle began, and saw at his house many of the most distinguished political characters of the Liberal party as well as the chief leaders of the American colonies. Dr. Franklin was a frequent visitor and possessed all Dr. Price's sympathy and confidence. It is said that when in 1774 the duty was placed on the tea imported into America, it was Dr. Price's pen that advised the city of Boston "to throw the taxed tea into the sea, rather than submit to taxation without representation." His essay on "Civil and Religious Liberty" created a great sensation at the time. It is a bold and eloquent statement of principles which are now universally accepted in theory, though still not fully carried out in practice. It was read with

enthusiasm by his contemporaries and thousands of copies were sold. The citizens of London conferred the freedom of the city upon him in a gold box, as a mark of gratitude for his services to liberty. He became the object of much attention. In the course of a conversation he had at this time with the Duke of Cumberland, when they were standing together at the bar of the House of Lords, the Duke told him that he had been reading his essay on Civil Liberty till he was blind. Lord Ashburton hearing this said, "It is rather remarkable that your Royal Highness should have been blinded by that book which has opened the eyes of all mankind."

Stoke Newington, where he lived so long, has retained till quite lately some of its rural characteristics, but now railroads are coming within measurable distance even of Newington Green. The old houses there are doomed, and the garden of Mr. Rogers (the father of the poet of Memory, who lived next door but one to Dr. Price) is already partly destroyed, while the old houses with their dark carvings and ancient fireplaces are undergoing change. Dr. Price's house still remains, with the little turret chamber in which he studied, and the

arched entrance through which he rode on his favourite white horse. The scene of the delightful meetings of the "Supping Club," which were held on Friday evenings at the houses of Dr. Price and his neighbours, will soon disappear. Round his table gathered many of the most remarkable characters of those times. Howard, the philanthropist, was his intimate friend and correspondent, his letters to Dr. Price still exist, the last one was written on his fatal journey to Cherson, the plague-ridden town in Turkey where he died. Living near him, at his father's house on Newington Green, was a young observer, afterwards the celebrated Samuel Rogers, who made some interesting notes for a biography he intended writing of the kind neighbour with whom he lived in such close intimacy—the MSS. still remains. "The happiest hours of his youth," he says, were spent with Dr. Price, "who delighted in the society of the young, and loved to contribute to their amusement." In the doctor's study young Rogers made acquaintance with the telescope, microscope, and electrical machine, which had been presented to Dr. Price by the Equitable Assurance Society, in return for his assistance. Through this telescope George Morgan en-

joyed looking, and had begged his brother William to notice how brightly the planets Venus and Jupiter appeared about seven o'clock, the one to the east, the other to the west. It was into their neighbour, Mr. Roger's house, that Mrs. Price delivered so many large packets when Dr. Price's house was expected to be searched and his papers seized.

"The open and manly avowal of his sentiments during the American war," says Rogers, "created many enemies." The press teemed with invectives, and several anonymous letters (which were carefully concealed from Mrs. Price) threatened his life. He had written very warmly at the commencement of the war on the injustice of the Government, under the signature of "Aurelius" in the *Gazette*. He held frequent correspondence with America, corresponding with Franklin and Adams, and at that time handbills were circulated that he was in league with the enemy. Many letters to him from Jefferson still remain. The following passage occurs in one of them, written from Paris, Feb., 1785, when the war was over. "The happiness of Governments like ours (wherein the people are truly the mainspring) is that they are never to be despaired of. When

an evil becomes so glaring as to strike them generally, they arouse themselves and it is redressed. He only is the popular man who shows the best disposition to reform the evil. This truth was obvious during the late war, and this character in our Government saved us. Calamity was our best physician." Rogers says, "that the undaunted spirit of Dr. Price's writings often induced people to form false ideas of his presence and manners," and he tells a story of the great surprise felt by the Duchess of Bedford, when she first met him at her own request at Shelburne House, to find his manners so mild and unassuming. "I had expected to meet a Colossus," she said, "with an eye like Mars to threaten and command." "All admired and loved him," wrote Rogers, "for the sweetness of his disposition and for the unaffected sincerity of his manners." "It was the perfect simplicity and sincerity of his character which gave dignity to his appearance," continues Rogers; "in person he was thin and below the middle size, with strong features, and a very intelligent eye. His countenance was the mirror of his mind, and when lighted up in conversation, its expression was peculiarly pleasing." It was, however, in

the family circle that his delightful qualities were most warmly appreciated. His nephew and niece from their home at Chatham Place, near Blackfriars, were always affectionately welcomed at Newington Green. "There it was," says Mr. Rogers, "that his character shone with the fullest lustre. Mrs. Price had become a confirmed invalid, and almost the only enjoyment she knew was an evening rubber of whist, and the Doctor, who had never played in his life, and whose aversion to cards was only equal to the inconvenience he experienced from the loss of time they occasioned, would sit down to the card-table every evening and follow suit with a sweetness and cheerfulness that charmed and melted everybody." He was the most humane of men. "To see distress was in him to feel an impulse to relieve it," says Rogers. "He was greatly attached to the old white horse which carried him for fourteen years. It had once been a hunter, but having lost an eye by the lash of a whip, was consigned to a better service, and presented by a friend to the Doctor. After its death he always mentioned his faithful servant with affection, and could never bring himself to have a successor, though Lord Lansdowne

repeatedly pressed him to choose one from his stables. In the fields near his house he once saw some fieldfares fluttering on the grass under the bird-catcher's net. He cut the net and set them at liberty; but he had not proceeded far when the question suggested itself whether he had not done an act of injustice. He went back, and left money on the spot. He had been known to turn back while walking on in a musing fit to relieve a beetle which he remembered to have observed on its back and struggling vainly to recover itself. He was very absent, and as he was a fearless rider, walker and swimmer, he had many adventures. He twice attempted to save men from drowning, once with success." "He was riding by Paradise Row on the first occasion," said Rogers, "when he saw a man floating on his back and carried along by the current on the surface of the New River. He called to an angler at some distance to hold his horse, and leaving his hat and wig on the bank, stept in and drew him ashore. The man was a foreigner, and some pecuniary distress urged him to this conduct. The Doctor gave him what money he had. Another day he was riding by Hornsey Wood, he saw a body in the same situation

and drew it to land. This man too was a German, but he was dead." He was more than once exposed to perils in his walks and rides. It was during a long confinement caused by a fall from his horse (an accident not unfrequent to him) that he was so kindly attended by Mr. Walker, the doctor who prevailed upon him to sit for his portrait to Mr. West. The painter, as well as Lord Lansdowne and many other friends, had often wished him to have his likeness taken. What his modesty induced him to refuse, his gratitude to Mr. Walker granted, and for him West painted the picture of him holding in his hand Butler's "Analogy." It was his delight when at Brighton to bathe in the sea and buffet with the waves, or to ride on the downs and breathe the sea breezes. "Once," says Rogers, "when a man was discovered in the offing and a boat pushed off to save him it proved to be Dr. Price." In his long walks he was apt to fall into deep reveries, and Rogers says, "that with his eyes fixed on the ground, one hand in his pocket, the other swinging by his side, he was apt to forget all his surroundings. On one occasion a footpad rushed from behind a tree in broad day, with oaths and menaces, and proceeded to relieve

him of his shoe-buckles, when Dr. Price very mildly thus expostulated with the thief: 'My friend, this is a very bad business you are following.' 'Never you mind that,' was the thief's only reply." He was so remarkable for his candid and generous tone towards those who differed from him, that he reckoned among his friends eminent persons of all parties and of all opinions. The Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Law, as well as the Bishops of Llandaff and St. Asaph, were often visitors at his house. He corresponded with Dr. Adams, the Principal of Queen's, and once visited him at Oxford. He also paid a visit to the Bishop of St. Asaph (with whom he had been intimate), at Twyford, and went with him to his church, when the Bishop gave him a most excellent sermon on Civil and Religious Liberty from the text, "Brethren ye are called unto liberty." Both Gibbon and Hume expressed great surprise at his gentleness when they made his acquaintance, having been accustomed to scant courtesy from their opponents.

There were several eminent women in Dr. Price's circle of friends. It was at Mrs. Montague's house that he made the acquaintance of Lord Shelbourne, with whom he formed a great

friendship, which was a source of pleasure to him to the end of his life. Mrs. Chapone was a great friend of his. In one of those letters to her niece which were once so much admired but which are now almost forgotten, she has left the following description of him under the name of "Simplicius." "While the vain man," she says, "is painfully striving to outshine all the company and to attract their admiration by false wit, forced compliments, and studied graces, he must surely be mortified to observe how constantly Simplicius engages their attention, respect and complacency, without having once thought of himself as a person of any consequence among them. He imparts his superior knowledge when called upon, as easily and naturally as he would tell you what it is o'clock, and with the same readiness and goodwill informs the most ignorant or confers with the most learned. He is as willing to receive information as he is to give it, and to join the company as far as he is able in the most trifling conversation into which they happen to fall as in the most serious and sublime. If he disputes, it is with as much candour on the most important and interesting as on the most insignificant subjects, and he is not less patient

in hearing than in answering antagonists. If you talk to him of himself or his works, he accepts praise or acknowledges defects with equal meekness, and it is impossible to suspect him of affectation in either. We are more obliged by the plain, unexaggerated expressions of his regard than by the compliments and attentions of the most accomplished pattern of good breeding, because his benevolence and sincerity are so strongly marked in every look, word, and action, that we are convinced his civilities are offered for our own sakes, not for his own, and are the natural effect of real kindness, not the studied ornaments of behaviour. Everyone is desirous of showing him kindness in return, which we know will be accepted as it is meant. All are ready to pay him the deference which he does not desire, and to give him credit for more than he assumes, or even for more than he possesses. With a person ungraceful and with manners unpolished by the world, his behaviour is always proper, easy and respectable, as free from constraint and servility in the highest company as from haughtiness and insolence in the lowest. His dignity rises from his humanity, and the sweetness and gentleness and

frankness of his manner from the real goodness of his heart, which lies open to inspection in all the frankness of truth without any need of disguise or ornament."

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO MARRIAGES.

NID ANEDWYDD A WNELO ARALL YN DDEDWYDD.

HE IS NOT UNHAPPY WHO MAKES OTHERS HAPPY.

It was in the year 1781 that Dr. Price gave his sister, Mrs. Morgan, the first news of the engagement of her son William to Miss Susan Woodhouse. She was the daughter of an old friend and connection of Mrs. Price's, the widow of a man of good family from the midland counties. Dr. Price spoke kindly of the young lady, and described his nephew's prospects as highly satisfactory: "His salary as Actuary is about to be raised, and he already adds to his income by answering annuity questions." Susan Woodhouse inherited the small estate of Portway in Staffordshire, the only part of the considerable landed property once owned by her father's family, and she was prudent and capable. The only sufferer by the match was Nancy Morgan, who found herself deposed from the position which she had filled

so well for seven years. Both Dr. Price and his wife would have gladly given her a home with them, but she decided to go back to her mother and sister at Bridgend, sorry as she was to quit London where she had been so happy. Nancy was at that time about eight and twenty. She was handsome, and had been much admired, while the force of her character and her conversational talents made her a great addition to society. She had entered with great zest into the pleasures of these years in London, and for the rest of her life she could entertain an audience by her vivid descriptions of the remarkable people and the strange events she had seen. She was at Chatham Place during the Lord George Gordon Riots, and at one moment it was quite expected that the Equitable Assurance Office would have been attacked. She had met many of the most distinguished characters of the time at Newington Green, where she had always been affectionately welcomed. She had not been long at Bridgend when she received an offer of marriage from her cousin Walter Coffin. It was a strange courtship; Mr. Coffin was nearly twenty years older than herself. He was too reserved and silent to

make the best of the advantages he possessed in a handsome person, or to do justice to the depth and sincerity of his affection for her and to his many good qualities of head and heart. He was rich, but Nancy well knew that if she married him she would have to conform to the rigid simplicity of a mode of life adopted by his mother and himself when the practice of such self-denial was a virtue. The marriage of Dr. Price's eldest sister to Mr. Coffin, which had promised so well, had been rendered unhappy by her husband's love of speculation. After embarrassing his property in Somersetshire by one rash scheme after another, he persuaded himself that there was mineral wealth in some land he possessed in Glamorganshire. Before the pioneers of the iron trade appeared there he made a fruitless attempt to establish ironworks near Bridgend, and he had gone so far as to build a furnace on his land not long before his death. It is said that his wife, in terror at the prospect of utter ruin, caused holes to be bored in it. She was left in embarrassed circumstances. The eldest of her three sons inherited what remained of the estate of Selworthy, and contrived before his death to run through most of his inheritance.

Mrs. Coffin made her home at Bridgend with her two youngest sons, one of whom gave her little comfort, as he was weak and extravagant, and, like his elder brother, died early and unmarried. Adversity brought out all the strength of Mrs. Coffin's character, while at the same time it increased the penurious habits to which she had an hereditary tendency. All her hopes centred in her son Walter. It was her great aim, by rigid self-denial, to repair the injury which his father's speculations had done him. For years before William Morgan had settled in London his Aunt Coffin and her son had lived at Bridgend, in great retirement and with the strictest economy. Walter Coffin had become a tanner, and had already, by his energy and shrewd business capacity, become a rich man. In his hands the trade he had adopted attained large proportions. His leather was famous throughout the county, and he had gradually become a considerable landed proprietor, not only in the Rhondda Valley, but in the district of Llangynwyd from which his mother's family sprang. He bought the farms of Maescadlwr, Gilvach Orvydd and Pant Gibbon, which last (as its name denotes) had evidently belonged to his mother's people.

Reserved and retiring as he was, he had established a character which was universally respected. Frugal as were his habits, he was known to be capable of generous expenditure in defence of what he thought a just cause. He was an uncompromising Liberal in politics and religion, and was perfectly free from the vanity and ostentation from which the character of his grandfather, Rice Price, was not free. He was so much older than his cousins the Morgans, that there was little companionship between them, and when Nancy Morgan went to London to keep her brother's house she gave no thought to the handsome silent cousin, who admired her so much. Nancy hesitated, and her hesitation was anxiously observed by her uncle, Dr. Price. In a letter to her from Brighton soon after she had gone down to Bridgend, he says: "We shall be anxious to know how your affair goes on. May Heaven direct you to what will make you most happy. You may be assured that you shall never want a support while your aunt or I are capable of helping you. No one could have been more agreeable to us than you have been, and we think with much regret of the pleasure we have lost by your removal into the country. But I

hope, should you yield to Mr. Coffin's wishes, that our loss will prove your gain by uniting you to a rational, good-tempered, worthy and generous man. No man deserves you who is not of this character." On January 1st, 1782, Nancy Morgan married her cousin Walter Coffin. "Mr. Coffin has indeed, in my opinion, shown his judgment in his choice," wrote Dr. Price to his niece immediately after the event. "I doubt not you will shine as much in the relation of a wife as you have done in the relations of a daughter, a sister, and niece." Mrs. Coffin acquitted herself well in the part she had chosen. She conformed cheerfully to her husband's somewhat ascetic mode of life. The children of the wealthy tanner were brought up with the most simple habits, but their mother took care that they enjoyed all the substantial advantages of riches, by securing them a superior education. She possessed great dignity and firmness of character, and was resolute in carrying out what she thought right. Her children were brought up very differently from those of her sister, Mrs. Williams, who (as her mother, Mrs. Morgan, often said in Welsh) "would fain place a pillow under everybody's

head." Perfectly unselfish and loveable as she was, she was not able, like her sister Mrs. Coffin, to say "no." Luxuries unknown to their wealthier cousins were enjoyed by her children. Mrs. Coffin's eldest son always remembered the failure of his boyish attempt to shirk his return to the neighbouring Grammar School at Cowbridge, where he was a weekly boarder. "I threw myself off my pony into the mud, hoping that when my mother saw my sorry plight she would keep me at home, but she had me dressed in clean clothes, mounted me once more, and sent me off to school." Mr. Coffin was constantly annoyed by the threat of being nominated for the office of High Sheriff of the County. Nonconformists were then liable to be placed in a very unpleasant dilemma either in accepting or refusing any civil office. A fine of £500 could be exacted from them if they refused to serve, while if they consented, conscientious scruples prevented their compliance with the Test and Corporation Acts. The High Sheriff and holders of similar offices were obliged by these Acts to receive the Anglican Communion. Many Dissenters had complied with this requirement on entering office, but had afterwards habitu-

ally attended their own place of worship. To render this illegal the "Occasional Conformity" Bill had been passed in 1704. Sir John Abney, the husband of Dr. Price's friend, Lady Abney, had been the last Dissenting Lord Mayor of London before this unjust measure became law. His predecessor in that office, Sir Humphrey Edwin, also a Dissenter, had helped to bring the matter to a climax, by going in state with the regalia of the City to a Dissenting Meeting House. Lord Dunraven, the representative of this gentleman, possesses large estates in Glamorganshire. In Dr. Price's first letter to his niece, Mrs. Coffin, after her marriage, he sends for her husband a declaration of his conscientious scruples in case of the threatened nomination. Dr. Price possessed a vote for Glamorganshire, and he was asked by Sir Edmund Thomas, of Wenvoe (who had recommended himself by some writings favourable to liberty) to give him his support when he was a candidate on the Liberal side for the county. As an inducement he assured Dr. Price that he should have the entire disposal of the "Regium Domus," if it was agreeable to him. "The Doctor," says Mr. Rogers, "spurned at the idea,

and declared it a blot on the Dissenters, and that he should think himself contaminated if he had anything to do with it. If Lord Lansdowne had continued in office he hoped to procure its entire abolition."

William Morgan (who had now been married some months) wrote to congratulate his sister on her marriage. "Many years' experience," he said, "have convinced me that you deserve a good husband, and if we can form any idea of a man by the character he holds and the conduct he has maintained, I think you have had such a one."

That autumn there was a family gathering at Bridgend, Mrs. Morgan entertained at her house her eldest son and his wife, and other visitors. Dr. and Mrs. Price could not join the party. They were at Brighton, but Mrs. Price in a letter to Mrs. Coffin, Sept. 17th, 1782, says: "We have often wished we could have made a part of your society. What a hospitable house is your good mother's, to be able to receive so many of her friends at once. It puts me in mind of the saying, that 'If there is room in the heart there is always room in the house.'"

The Coffins' Old House,
at Bridgend.

From a drawing by C.E.W.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RISE OF MERTHYR TYDVIL. RICHARD CRAWSHAY.

GOREU I BAWB A DDICHON EI HUN.
THE BEST FOR EVERYONE IS WHAT HE CAN DO HIMSELF.

The spirit of speculation was abroad in Glamorganshire, though Bridgend, being in the centre of a purely agricultural district, was but little affected by it. No good road ran through the town at that time. Travellers bound to the western part of the county had to mount the steep and rugged hill of Newcastle. Mrs. Morgan and her two daughters lived on the hill, Mrs. Williams's house occupying the site of the old castle, near the church. Her pleasant garden skirted the road, and the fine myrtle tree which grew in it was the admiration of passers-by when it was covered with bloom. The mineral wealth so unsuccessfully sought by Mr. Coffin's father on his land at

Bridgend had been discovered in other parts of the county. The development of the iron and coal trade, which was destined to produce such wonderful changes in Glamorganshire, and which afterwards gave such value to land in the Rhondda Valley, was chiefly due to a young adventurer from the North of England.

About eighteen years after Richard Price had made his journey to London on foot, a young man left his native place in Yorkshire, and found his way to the metropolis. Richard Crawshay had had a quarrel with his father, and took nothing with him from his home (a farm near Normanton, in Yorkshire) but a pony, with which in twenty days he reached London. He then sold the pony for £15 and lived on the proceeds till he had only that half-crown left, which, according to tradition, he threw away by way of bracing himself for the struggle for existence. Certain it is, that he was reduced to such extremity that he was thankful to earn a livelihood by sweeping out an ironmaster's warehouse in York Street. His shrewdness in stopping the theft of the washerwomen who came to buy flat irons from his master, and who were said to steal two irons for every one they bought, first

attracted attention to him, and before long the remarkable ability of the "Yorkshire boy" became so evident that he rose to a high position in the business, of which eventually he became the head, after marrying his master's daughter. From selling iron to making it was a natural step. Rumours of the iron beds at Merthyr Tydvil reached the ear of the London merchant. The mineral wealth which had just been discovered had attracted into Glamorganshire enterprising men, into whose hands had fallen several old estates in that county. Wenvoe (of which Sir Edmund Thomas was the last representative) had shared this fate, and had been bought by Mr. Bacon, who also became the owner of property at Merthyr Tydvil, then a mere village; and a Mr. Beavan, the Member for Aylesbury, had obtained a lease for ninety-nine years of a property near Merthyr, the area of which was eight miles by four, and for which he paid only £200 a year. On this he erected furnaces and forges for smelting the iron ore he found there. From the ruins that still remain, these furnaces seem to have been blown by hand-bellows or by water power. Mr. Bacon also erected a foundry on the land he bought at Cyfarthfa, and

when the American war broke out he obtained a contract for supplying the Government with cannon. That war (so eloquently opposed by Dr. Price) gave a great impetus to the iron trade. The demand for iron did not cease with the war, but was succeeded by a steady trade in iron manufactures between the new Republic and the Mother-country. It was at this time that Mr. Crawshay bought a share of the property at Cyfarthfa, lately acquired by Mr. Bacon, and in 1783 he came down to Glamorganshire and laid the foundation of the great iron works there. Llangynwyd shared in this commercial activity. It had long been known that coal and iron existed there, as is shown by such names as "Cwm Nantglo," literally, "Coal-brook dale." The coal had long been worked by small shafts, 20ft. long by 40ft. deep. Sacks filled with it were carried on donkeys' backs to the neighbourhood, and waggons were sent for it from the banks of the Severn.

An enterprising Mr. Jones from Abergavenny rented the farm Llwys for £100 a year, but his speculation ruined him, and it required full faith in the Welsh adage that "there are three chances for a Welshman," *Mai tri chynyd*

i Gymrw, to encourage further mining adventure in that district. There exists a curious diary, kept by Mr. Parry, the Vicar of Llangynwyd, from 1790 to 1812. He was a coal owner, but it appears that the expenses of raising the coal exceeded his receipts from the sale, though the labourers only received 8d. a day. In 1801 the population of Llangynwyd was only 804, but from that time the progress was rapid. Blast furnaces were erected, Maestêg became a town of importance, the population in 1881 had increased to 9,782. In a speech made in that year by Mr. Talbot, the Member for the county and Lord Lieutenant, on the occasion of laying the first stone of the Maestêg Town Hall, he said: "Seventy years ago this was a gloomy valley, in which the only living inhabitants seemed to be an old oak tree and a venerable raven." Great as the changes at Llangynwyd have already been, the probability is that greater are still to be expected. Times have changed since the boundary between Margam and Llangynwyd was settled by following the wild flight of a poor idiot while the men of Llangynwyd and the men of Margam ranged themselves on either side in the endeavour to compel him to

give them the advantage. The Llynvi and Ogmore Railroad now opens up the district, and will no doubt eventually tempt the owners of property to develop the mineral wealth of farms like Maescadlwr and Gilvach Orvydd, from which once Mr. Coffin was content to supply his household at Bridgend with the coal so easily obtained from the surface.

CHAPTER X.

GEORGE CADOGAN MORGAN.

NID CADARN OND A FO DRECH NA' I HUNAN.

HE IS NOT STRONG WHO IS NOT STRONGER THAN HIMSELF.

George Cadogan Morgan, Mrs. Morgan's second son, had carried out his purpose of becoming a Minister. He had lately settled at Norwich with the Unitarian Congregation at the Octagon Chapel in that city, and had made the acquaintance of the family of Mr. Hurry, a wealthy merchant of Yarmouth. In a letter to his mother, February, 1783, he tells her "in strict confidence the history of a period which has proved the most interesting of my life." George Morgan was a very fascinating young man. His handsome countenance expressed all the bright talent and generous enthusiasm for which he was remarkable. It was afterwards painted by Opie, though the portrait is unfortunately not

in the possession of his descendants. He was of a very ardent nature, fond of science and inclined to take very advanced views of religion and politics. It was not the first time his heart had been touched. A charming young heiress had once before attracted him greatly, and it was said had been well disposed to encourage his addresses, but his fastidious mind recoiled from asking her to share his poverty. The story goes that walking by her side one day he remarked to her on the abundance of *Thyme* in her garden. "Yes," she replied, "I'd have you improve it." He could not bring himself to take the hint and now that he was in love with Nancy Hurry, whose people were, to use his words, "wealthy, hospitable and generous," he feels scruples as to taking advantage of her father's liberality. "Mr. Hurry," he tells his mother, "had received him most kindly and had said that no obstacle should operate on his side, and that the matter should rest solely on the determination of his daughter. Her youth, however, induced him to add that all thought of marriage shall be delayed for a year or a year and a half." "I know," he continued, "that her father will propose to me an annual

salary, and I have so much confidence in his goodness that I should not hesitate to consent to this. I shall be well satisfied if he will make my salary £200 a year in all and help me to furnish a house. The wealth of the family is engaged in a most extensive trade and I should be sorry to take from the general mass any sum for my private use which may be so much better employed elsewhere." Mr. Hurry's "connections were such" to use Mr. Morgan's words, "as to gratify the fondest pride." He was not ambitious for his children, being only anxious, as he said, to do all he could for each of them. He had many daughters, several of them already married. The descendants of these daughters were many of them remarkable people. Dr. Alderson, who had married one sister, was the father of Amelia Opie; Dr. Alderson's brother, Mr. Alderson, had preceded Mr. Morgan at the Octagon Chapel at Norwich, but having left the ministry for the law was afterwards Recorder of Norwich and was the father of Baron Alderson. One Miss Hurry was the wife of Mr. Maurice, also a Unitarian Minister, and their son was the late Frederick Denison Maurice. Two other daughters were the

wives of Dr. Goodeve and Captain Tolmé. George Morgan's marriage was not long delayed and he continued for the next few years at Norwich. Although that city was then the residence of families whose names, like the Martineaus, Taylors and Smiths, were well known among Liberals, George Morgan's very advanced opinions in religion and politics exposed him to no little annoyance from the clergy of the Cathedral town. His predecessor, Mr. Alderson, had soon exchanged Divinity for law. George Morgan found consolation for some time in pursuits of science and in the friendship of Mr. Samuel Bowly, a man of fortune and scientific tastes, who lived in Norfolk. Like his young friend, he had been roused by the account of Dr. Priestley's researches into the nature of Phlogiston or Oxygen gas, as it was afterwards called. Letters were frequently exchanged between George Morgan and this gentleman, whose country house was at some distance from Norwich, and in those days of slow communication this caused no little delay; the correspondence was often conveyed by the passing countryman's waggon. In 1786 Mr. Morgan left Norwich. Dr. Price was then in great trouble about his wife. Mrs.

Price was in a very distressing state of weakness from repeated attacks of palsy, and her husband felt her illness to be, as he expressed it, "the greatest affliction he had ever met with." Her mind remained unimpaired, and he described her as often talking of her niece Nancy (Mrs. Coffin), and of her little boy Walter, who was born June 7th, 1784. In 1786 Mrs. Price died, and though the event had been so long expected by Dr. Price the shock to his spirits was very great, and he described to his sister Mrs. Morgan "his inexpressible anguish at this separation after thirty years of uninterrupted happiness." Immediately after her death he went for a few weeks to his nephew William Morgan, who was then living at Sydenham, but such was his deep distress of mind during his stay there that he could never be persuaded to revisit that place, nor could he ever without great agitation enter the place of his wife's interment. George Morgan came up to his uncle in his affliction, and Dr. Price said he found "the greatest comfort in his good sense, good nature and vivacity; never could there be a time," he adds in his letter to his sister, "in which I could want his company and assistance more. I hope some event or other

will be the means of soon bringing him to reside in London." There seemed at this time some likelihood that George Morgan would be chosen to succeed his uncle as Minister of the Gravel Pit Chapel at Hackney. This would have been a great pleasure to Dr. Price, and William Morgan always considered it a grave reproach to that congregation that they did not thus gratify him. George Morgan's theological opinions were, however, no doubt too pronounced to be generally acceptable, and his connection with the ministry ceased. He removed to the neighbourhood of London to undertake the education of young men of liberal families, and for this work he was admirably fitted. The young men who were placed with him were many of them members of Norfolk families, and through his wife's connections and his own, he soon had quite as many pupils as he could receive in the house he took at Southgate. It was a great pleasure to Dr. Price to have his nephew George settled near him. For himself he now felt it necessary to settle on a new plan of life, and his thoughts turned at once to his sister, Mrs. Morgan. He wrote to her begging her to come up and keep his house and live with

him. "He reckoned," he added, "upon this not only contributing to his own comfort but as being likely to prove conducive to hers." He urged her therefore to fix an early time for coming to him with her only unmarried daughter, Sally. He decided also to quit Newington Green, where he had lived for so many years, for another house at Hackney. It was a great effort to him to do this, but he had several reasons for the change. He took a great interest in the establishment of a liberal College at Hackney. This was rendered necessary then in order to replace Coward's Academy, which had been conducted on the most rigid and Calvinistic basis and which had lately been removed into the country. To aid the efforts of the liberal men who subscribed £20,000 to found the new College, Dr. Price undertook to discharge gratuitously the duties of mathematical tutor. He also occasionally preached the afternoon sermon in the Unitarian Chapel at Hackney, continuing these services for two years after his wife's death.

Mrs. Morgan's removal to London after so many years of country life seems to have been a success. There had always

been great sympathy between her brother and herself. "My mother seems to enjoy as much health as usual, and to be upon the whole happier than I expected," wrote William Morgan to his sister Mrs. Coffin in 1787. He adds "both she and Sally have the best man in the world to live with and they appear to be as much mistresses of themselves as if they were at Newcastle. They are out almost every afternoon or engaged with company at home." Mrs. Morgan had both her sons near her. Her eldest son William was building one of the first houses on Stamford Hill, then quite a rural neighbourhood. He had taken a 99 years' lease of a long strip of land affording ample space for good kitchen and flower gardens, lawns and paddocks, and commanding an uninterrupted view over the country which was bounded by the Highgate Hills. Here was erected a commodious house, at a cost which, as is usual in such cases, exceeded Mr. Morgan's expectation and almost drove him, it was said, into a fever. His fortune, however, was even then rapidly growing, and the house he had made was a source of pleasure for many years to himself and to many others. The original Rothschild was

his neighbour. A quickset hedge only separated the two financial geniuses. They were generally very good friends, but it is said that occasionally when they were not on such cordial terms caustic remarks might be heard through the slight barrier that divided them. A pleasant walk through the fields led to Southgate, the residence of George Morgan, and the young people of the two families enjoyed frequent intercourse.

CHAPTER XI.

SOUTHGATE.

NI CHAIS Y DA ARHOED Y DRWG

WHOSO WILL NOT SEEK GOOD LET HIM AWAIT EVIL.

THOSE who have visited Southgate in recent times have been surprised to see the modest size of the house in which Mr. George Morgan spent years that left such delightful impressions on his pupils. There must have been a wonderful fascination in him, to judge from the ardent affection felt for him by these young men —Cayleys, Ashburners and Boddingtons—who were his friends while he lived and who some of them treasured his memory to the end of long lives. He succeeded in inspiring these young men with his own love of science and in interesting them in the work of his laboratory. No one who reads his lectures on Electricity can wonder at the enthusiasm he was able to arouse in youthful minds. He had the power of influencing many with scientific tastes which

they never lost and which were transmitted to succeeding generations. Professor Cayley, the eminent mathematician, who was lately the President of the British Association, is a relative or descendant of Sir George Cayley, one of Mr. Morgan's pupils devoted to the memory of his master. When quite old Sir George expressed great delight at meeting Walter Coffin, a nephew of Mr. Morgan's (who was said to be wonderfully like his uncle) at Stamford Hill, at the house of Mr. Arthur Morgan, another of his nephews. The likeness revived in Sir George Cayley's mind many pleasant recollections of the years spent at Southgate. The arrangements there he described as marked by a delightful simplicity. Such was the charm of Mr. Morgan's character and the generosity of his disposition that his pupils, though most of them members of wealthy families, always looked back on their life with him with delight. Electricity was the branch of science which chiefly attracted him. It was then quite in its infancy. Dr. Franklin (whom George Morgan had met at his uncle Dr. Price's house), had only recently discovered the identity of electricity and lightning. Mr. Morgan anticipated with prophetic

insight the direction in which great results were likely to be produced by the new science. "In Chemistry"—he says in his lectures—"much may be rationally expected from electricity, which separates the component parts of fluids, and of those substances on which the strongest fire of a reverbatory has no effect, and which is capable of being applied with accuracy and ease where no other cause of change is applicable—for the properties of fluids and solids are found to have been changed when previously exposed to the electric fluid."—Mr. Cavendish had decomposed water by the aid of electricity in 1781. "In Mechanics," he says, "it is surely reasonable to expect that a power may be highly advantageous which acts with unparalleled velocity, and which overcomes the most obstinate resistance, for the object of Mechanics is the *commencement*, the *increase*, and the *management* of force." He had observed that Electricity had the power of arresting the motion of animal and vegetable juices in the minutest channels, he therefore "felt a strong presumption that it may hasten not only the growth of plants but add much to their size and produce several extra-

ordinary changes in their internal properties and in their external appearances." He foresees "the possibility of firing that dangerous ingredient, gunpowder, by the aid of the electric fluid"; and the following passage on the transmission of force foreshadows the discovery of the electric telegraph (Lectures, vol. ii., page 306). "Our atmosphere is throughout its vast dimensions each moment agitated by millions of co-instantaneous changes, and for our purpose it is of no consequence *where* the required change takes place. Were it in New Holland or at the Antipodes a connection would be instantly formed between the remote but opposite situations by the conducting power of the earth." He had himself the soul of the philosopher he describes: "who has the conviction that to follow Nature is to follow the sure road to boundless attainments, for its treasures fill the universe." For Dr. Franklin he had the greatest admiration, and he anticipated the time when it will be acknowledged "that no tyrannical hero had ever proved more beneficial to his species than the Republican, who, when he had disarmed the clouds of their fury, armed his countrymen on the very same spot in the cause

of Freedom and Humanity." Throughout his life George Morgan was an ardent Liberal, his sympathies were all with the people, and he was deeply interested in the republican movements of his times. Scarcely had the American Revolution ended when there were symptoms of approaching trouble in France. Many of the distinguished Frenchmen who had, by their writings, paved the way for changes in that country, had long been intimate with Dr. Price, at whose house George Morgan had met several of them.

The desperate condition of French finance had formed the subject of correspondence between Dr. Price and Turgot, Necker and Condorcet. The French Government were blind to the danger of their financial embarrassments. An empty exchequer had been bequeathed to Louis XVI. It had been drained by the luxurious and wasteful expenditure of Court and King and it had hitherto been replenished solely by the taxation of the toiling multitudes. No more could now be wrung from them. Turgot and Necker had both insisted on the necessity of taxing the nobility and clergy, but had both failed to enforce their counsels. The classes now

threatened were sufficiently powerful to offer a strong resistance and to impose conditions in return for compliance. They demanded a voice in the imposition of taxation, and at length the demand for representation became too imperious to be refused. A National Assembly was summoned and for the first time the representatives of all classes of the French people met at Versailles in 1789. The hopes of the friends of freedom ran high, in spite of the unworthy attempts of the Government to deprive the Assembly of all real significance by its refusal to let the different classes verify their powers in concert. It was at this momentous crisis that George Morgan set out with three English friends on a holiday tour through France, the record of which remains in a series of letters written by him to his wife.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TOUR THROUGH FRANCE IN 1789.

LLINYN RHY DYNN HAWDD Y TYRR.

A STRING TOO TIGHT IS EASILY BROKEN.

The party which accompanied Mr. George Morgan to France in the summer of 1789 consisted of Dr. Rigby, a physician from Norwich, of Mr. Boddington and of Mr. Olyett Woodhouse, two young men of fortune—"our English Beaux" as Mr. Morgan calls them. They landed at Calais on the 4th July, 1789, and travelled through Lisle and French Flanders to Paris, where they arrived on the 9th July. There was nothing to warn them of the impending outbreak of revolution in what they saw of the fertile country and its peaceful industrious inhabitants. Yet the elements of disorder can now be traced in the pictures Mr. Morgan drew in his letters of hard-working peasants cultivating

with incessant toil every inch of ground even to the ditches, of women laden with heavy burdens, of swarms of soldiers and priests, of citadels, cathedrals and monasteries—so many "varieties," he says, "of slavery, mummery and folly"—of hundreds of boys and girls barred and bolted up between the dark walls of convents, "who were receiving an education which could give neither a spirit of independence nor of freedom." He observed "vast tracts of land devoted to the enjoyment of the nobles by a wasteful tyranny, while there was no trace of that ease and indolence which distinguished the farmers and their ladies in England, and an absence of all sight of the opulence of a middle class. Indifference or superstition reigned in the ceremonies of the churches, and the only symptom of religion was seen in the harmless gaiety of the peasants on Sunday afternoons when, after attending mass, they paraded the streets in large bodies." "If to enjoy is to be grateful, they were devout," and, says Mr. Morgan, "I would rather break the sabbath with them in their innocent mirth, than keep it with those Methodists who return from an interview with the best of beings with gloom on their brows and the rancour of bigotry in

their hearts." On the 9th of July the party arrived in Paris and took up their abode in an hotel close to the Palais Royal. "We had just returned on the 12th from a visit to Versailles," wrote Mr. Morgan, "from the sight of the National Assembly, where all had appeared to us to be quiet, when rumours of the flight of Necker alarmed the company at the table d'hôte. This, however, was contradicted a little later. We went to the theatre and there on the raising of the curtain the manager came forward to say we were to have no play, and being asked why, he replied that the people at the door commanded it. All the streets leading to the Palais Royal were blocked, the cry *aux armes* resounded from thousands of throats. The Dragoons, it was said, were firing on the citizens, and the people rushed off to the scene of action, leaving the Palais Royal deserted for a time. Alarmed by the approach of shrieking bands we returned to the citadel of our hotel. There during the whole night we surveyed the mob as they passed and repassed. The sky was red with fires, the air full of the reports of guns and of the cries of women. At one time the doors of a gunsmith living

just beneath our rooms were violently assailed, but the arms had already been seized by another party. The scene of action was then removed to a distant part of the town."

For several days the English party were detained at Paris, for when they first attempted to leave, the mob interfered, taking them for spies, and drove them with insults and abuse back to their lodgings. The King's entrance without his guards into Paris, and the demolition of the Bastille, produced a lull which enabled them to proceed on their journey. They left Paris rejoicing in the belief that peace and liberty were restored, and neither then nor on their further travels through France did they seem to have apprehended the tremendous nature of the revolution of which they had just witnessed the commencement. As they proceeded on their tour they were often stopped by crowds enquiring for news from Paris. It was received with loud applause, and everywhere the cry of *Vive la Nation! Toujours le Tiers Etat!* was heard. Through the forest of Fontainebleau ("the desolated regions of the King's splendid pleasure"), through the land of vineyards on the banks of rivers like the Seine ("as

large as the Thames at Richmond"), the English party travelled on in their English coach with postillions in jack boots, to Dijon and to Lyons. They were charmed with the country, the climate, and the people. The manners of the citizens struck them as more polite and obliging than those of Englishmen, and Mr. Morgan was so much impressed with the advantages to be enjoyed in this land with a moderate income (for he hears that two hundred a year would be affluence in some parts of the country) that he almost wishes he could settle there now that a revolution in favour of peace and liberty has been accomplished. Everywhere they found the people rejoicing over the news from Paris, taking up arms for freedom, as at Dijon, Nismes, and Aix, the Capital of Provence, where they found "4,000 Marseillians just departing, who had marched thither, commanded by a priest, to require the liberation of sixty prisoners whom the noblesse had confined. The prison doors were thrown open, and these sons of liberty marched with the captives in triumph to Marseilles." At Lyons they found the citizens had taken up arms some time before the

revolution at Paris. The ruins of a barrier which the populace had burnt was a proof that the Lyonese had "shown that independent republican spirit" for which Mr. Morgan says "they have always been remarkable." Lyons had then a population of 18,000. The streets were full of high houses of seven stories, and its suburbs were adorned with the country seats of the citizens, who lived out of the town during nine months of the year. The English party had an opportunity of staying at the country house of a merchant of Lyons, who was extremely civil to them and entertained them most hospitably. He pointed out to them the house in which he lived when in town, six hundred people were accommodated in it and it brought in a rent of 2,000 guineas. From Lyons to Avignon they proceeded down the Rhone in a boat which they hired for nine sous. The rapidity of a stream nearly half a mile wide in many places, struck them as very remarkable. They were charmed with the first view of Marseilles. They found its streets full of an armed multitude. Fourteen thousand citizens had enrolled themselves, and there was great rejoicing over the captives just released from the prison at Aix. Occasion-

ally the "spirit of liberty" had been displayed in rather a troublesome manner to the travellers. At one place the traces of their carriage were cut, but a polite commander soon rode up and apologized for "the little excesses of a people who had just shaken off their fetters." At Antibes the Governor objected to their passports, solely, as they afterwards discovered, that he might learn the news of Paris, and when they reached Italy the curiosity of the English Consul to hear news from France brought him to their lodgings. It was at Geneva, however, that the travellers were most deeply impressed with the beneficial effects of the Revolution. "The joyful effects of liberty and equality were visible in the absence of lazy priests, and of lounging officers. There was no detention at its gates. A wooden bench in one of the streets was pointed out to them, where judges sat to try criminals 'that all their fellow citizens might testify to the justice of their sentences.'" They were fortunate in their friend Mr. Pasteur, who did the honours of Geneva to them, and pressed them heartily to prolong their stay.

The meteor of the hour then was Prince Edward, the fourth son of George IV., after-

wards Duke of Kent, the Queen's father, who was placed there with a tutor. The young Prince was not a model of republican simplicity. He was entertaining the inhabitants with splendid concerts, at which he favoured them with his own musical performances, and he was spending with royal extravagance. The appearance of the women of Geneva, the wives and daughters of the citizens, greatly pleased Mr. Morgan. He commends their dress. "They wear no stays, they daub themselves with no paint, the dancing master has not distorted their limbs, and every part of their dress appears to the best advantage, for it obviously appears to answer some useful purpose." The formal dress and behaviour of the children in France on the other hand had greatly amused the travellers, and are described by Mr. Morgan for the "entertainment of dear Sarah and George at home." "If they lived in France," they are told, "they would be dressed like the finest ladies and gentlemen they ever saw. Miss Sarah would strut along with a large roll on her head, with her locks frizzled and powdered, with a stay that would make her sides as stiff and erect as a brick wall, with a fan in her hand as big as herself, and with a

petticoat that would sweep up all the dust from her own to her cousin's house. She would also have high heels. I have seen ladies little older than herself thus dressed in France. Mr. George would have his hair powdered, a long queue would hang down his back. He would have a coat with flaps, and sleeves big enough to set his wind-mill going. His waistcoat would likewise be laced, his breeches would change his little thighs into the shape of a rolling pin and every time he met papa and mamma he would be obliged to bow till his nose touched the ground. One of the most ludicrous sights I have seen in France, was a procession of these little men in miniature, led by a schoolmaster, who was an overgrown schoolboy, dressed in the same ludicrous manner." Throughout this journey Mr. Morgan suffered terribly from the want of cleanliness at the inns. The beds were so infested with vermin that he says, "I have generally lain upon the floor, or on a couch wrapped up in a blanket, to avoid these legions of fury and blood." Great were the hardships they encountered on their journey from Geneva to Chamouny. It was even then much frequented by tourists, while the accommoda-

tion was very inadequate. All the horses on the way there had been secured by an English company, and no choice was left them but to proceed on foot for the last eighteen miles of their journey. For a while they forgot their fatigue in chatting with one of their guides, a shoemaker who had read Voltaire, and who disbelieved in a devil, but when they had gone a little further the whole company presented a most forlorn spectacle. Mr. Boddington's lameness became apparent, Olyett Woodhouse for once walked directly forward, and poor Rigby groaned and cursed the fashion of 1786, when it was not right that a coat should button—a linen waistcoat which the rain had thoroughly wetted proved a very unsatisfactory covering; Mr. Morgan himself was quite out of breath. Every lodging at Chamouny was full, and the travellers were glad to throw themselves on the benches round the kitchen fire, until a neighbouring farmer took pity on them and gave them a room, and some straw to lie on, where the fleas allowed them but little rest. They were roused before seven next morning by the guides, with the news that the day was clear. The very summit of Mont Blanc was visible,

and after a rough ascent of three hours, they were rewarded by a splendid view of the *mer de glace*. So glorious was the sight, that they scarcely felt the fatigue of having walked twenty-one miles, after all they had gone through on the preceding day. They were further consoled by the sight of sunrise over Mont Blanc, and by the journey through the Vale of Chamouny. The valley had then about 3,000 inhabitants. Every peasant was a freeholder of his own farm. They paid nothing to the priests, owing their exemption to their having purchased the valley from a neighbouring monastery. Their prosperity, however, was even then due, according to the guide, to the English, whose money had absolutely given a new aspect to the Vale. With the journey of the party through Lausanne and Basle Mr. Morgan's narrative ends. His last letter closes by saying that "it" (the tour) "has cost me a deal of trouble, but it has rewarded me with a world of ideas."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TOUR THROUGH FRANCE
(continued).

A LYGRWYS DUW A LYGRWYS DYN.
HE DISHONOURS GOD WHO INJURES MAN

Dr. Rigby, one of Mr. Morgan's three companions in 1789, also recorded his impressions of the journey in a series of letters to his family which were published by his daughter, Lady Eastlake, in 1880. A complete sympathy united the travellers. They felt the same admiration for France, and its inhabitants. "I have been much pleased with the country," says Dr. Rigby, "and I have been delighted with the people—industry, cheerfulness and good sense are conspicuous marks in their character. The late political event, so important to their future welfare, has been brought about by the courage and perseverance of the middle ranks, who appear to me more enlightened here than with us."

Mr. Morgan's last letter was from Basle, whence Dr. Rigby traced their journey through Germany and Holland. They quitted France at Strasburg, to proceed down the Rhine through several petty German States. "How every country and every people we have seen since we left France sink by comparison with that animated country," says Dr. Rigby. "Nature has been equally kind to Germany as to France, for it has a fertile soil, but as yet the inhabitants live under an oppressive Government. Tyranny and superstition seem to have taken up their abode here, the land is never cultivated in the dominions of a tyrant."

In all these small States they found palaces built with great magnificence for the princes who owned the greater part of the surrounding territory, but very little land cultivated for the support of the people, and no trade. The bad arrangements for travellers, the terrible state of the roads, and the rascality of the postmasters both in Germany and Holland—where there was "nothing but fraud and imposition,"—spoiled the enjoyment of the last part of the journey, though it led through the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Rhine. Both Dr. Rigby and Mr. Morgan were men

of science and enthusiastic admirers of the beauties of Nature.

Of their first evening at Dover, Dr. Rigby gave a charming account, describing their ramble by moonlight on the pebbly beach, on which "the yellow-horned poppy grows abundantly." "My companions," he says, "were well disposed to enjoy the scene, and our gratification was much increased by Morgan's admirable remarks on the formation of the earth, the changes which this globe has undergone, the constant fluctuations of the sea, and such subjects." Throughout the journey the beauty of the scenery and the botanical wealth of the country are described by Dr. Rigby. "You must smile," he remarks in one of his letters, "when you find me constantly saying that the last scenes surpass in beauty all the former ones." The travellers brought introductions to many eminent scientific men, and Dr. Rigby visited the hospitals under the guidance of distinguished physicans. He was especially pleased with that at Dijon. "Charity and good sense," he says, "seem to have built it. It is large and lofty, outside the walls of the city, receiving the pure air from the neighbouring mountains and hills. There are

300 beds, all of iron, as neat and clean as any Quaker at Norwich. The wards are very wide, at least thirty feet high. I could detect nowhere the slightest impure or offensive smell." Very inferior was the hospital at Lyons, full of sanitary defects, to which Dr. Rigby was keenly alive. The account given by Dr. Rigby of the days spent in Paris before and after the taking of the Bastille was not written till the party had left the city, as he thought it more prudent to delay doing so till then, and it is therefore much fuller than that given by Mr. Morgan. He describes the visit to the ruins of the Bastille and speaks of the two poor rescued prisoners, dazed with their long confinement in the prison, and of the passage of the King through Paris. There is a graphic account of the many difficulties which prevented the departure of the party from the city for several days. Their first attempt to do so was unsuccessful. They had been advised by the Magistrates sitting at the Hotel de Ville, who gave them passports, to defer their departure for a few days, but they resolved to make the attempt, and after repeated stoppages at various points through Paris they were obliged to return to their

hotel on this occasion. At one place their carriage was searched, their baggage was taken down, and fresh passports had to be procured. At the last barrier the mob became very impatient and while three of the travellers were waiting for the return of one of the party with a fresh passport, the situation grew very unpleasant. A curious incident relieved them from it. A woman in the crowd who had been very clamorous against them suddenly sprang forward to their servant, who was on horseback behind the carriage, and embraced him, crying out "My dear brother, is it you?" He was really her brother and they had not seen each other for many years. This sudden and unexpected meeting changed the whole aspect of affairs. The woman instantly became their advocate and the crowd was soothed and interested. Dr. Rigby describes the last days of the tour. It ended on September 6th, when they reached Helvoetliuys and took ship in Captain Flynn's packet for Harwich. On the way there, Dr. Rigby and Mr. Morgan, seeing a fishing boat bound for Yarmouth, got on board her, and having landed at the jetty at that place they were quickly conveyed to Norwich in a chaise.

It happened that the descendants or relations of Mr. Morgan and Dr. Rigby were destined to encounter each other, at long intervals of time, in a manner as unexpected as the meeting of the French brother and sister at Paris. The following passage extracted from a letter written by Mr. Morgan's nephew, John Morgan Williams (the eldest son of his sister Mrs. Williams), refers to an incident which occurred forty years after the taking of the Bastille. In 1861 Mr. Williams, writing to his eldest daughter, narrated his adventures on his only visit to Paris in the year 1830. "My recollections of Paris," he says, "are of a faded description, but some will cleave to my memory. I will endeavour to remember what most interested me. First, the Jardin des Plantes, the Bibliothéque Royale, the site of the old Bastille, Père la Chaise, the Louvre (where I met and was introduced to Sir David Wilkie), the Champs Elysées, the Palais Royal (where I formed an acquaintance with a priest, and made Latin the happy medium of exchanging thought). I remember the Boulevards, and the splendid appearance of French troops marching over them, I travelled

with a very kind gentleman, who gave me very useful information, and a strange circumstance occurred which I will now tell you of. When I left London, my intention was to visit Boulogne and return, but between Calais and that place he persuaded me to go on to Paris, with a very scanty supply of cash in my pocket. All I had for my travels was £10, but off I set *viâ* Amiens, and arrived by diligence at headquarters. I told my friend that an uncle of mine was in Paris at the destruction of the Bastille, and that he was the first to communicate the event to England. He rejoined, 'I do not know how that could have occurred, for my brother-in-law was there likewise, and he was supposed to have done so.' I said that my uncle had travelled with Dr. Rigby and one or two more. He then said, 'He was my brother-in-law, and I am Dawson Turner, a Yarmouth banker."

Many years later the eldest son of the writer of this letter—a grand-nephew of George Cadogan Morgan—found himself connected with a descendant of Dr. Rigby's, two of whose daughters had married Russian barons. Morgan Williams was an engineer, and was engaged for some years in the construction of

railroads in the Baltic provinces. The line ran through the estate of a lady who became his wife, and he found that her brother General Manderstierna had married a granddaughter of Dr. Rigby's, the child of his daughter, Baroness Rosen. The "Letters from the Baltic" which had lately given such a charming account of that little-known country, were written by the Miss Rigby afterwards Lady Eastlake.

CHAPTER XIV.

DR. PRICE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

GWELL UN GAIR YN MLAEN NA DAU YN OL.

BETTER ONE WORD BEFORE THAN TWO AFTER.

The sanguine hopes for France with which Mr. Morgan returned home were shared by his uncle Dr. Price and by all his friends. During the autumn of 1789 such was the eagerness with which Dr. Price watched the progress of the revolution, that he could scarcely be persuaded to take his usual journey to the seacoast of Glamorganshire. Though in weak health he exerted himself to preach a sermon at the Old Jewry on the subject, which excited such enthusiasm that an overflowing congregation could hardly be restrained from bursting into open shouts of applause. On the 14th July, 1790, he was present at a dinner given at the "Crown and Anchor" tavern in the Strand, to celebrate the first anniversary of the revolution. Lord Stanhope presided.

The toast, "An alliance between Great Britain and France for perpetuating peace, and making the whole world free and happy," was proposed by Dr. Price in a speech which was so warmly approved that it was resolved to transmit it to the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, "the good Duke" as Dr. Price always called him. It was read twice in the National Assembly, all the members standing uncovered. During these years many interesting communications from eminent Frenchmen were received by Dr. Price. An address from the district of Quimper in Brittany, thanking him for his speech, reached him in 1790, and many letters from the Duc de la Rochefoucauld prove the cordial friendship that existed between them. "I am grateful to Heaven," said Dr. Price, "for having extended my life so that, after sharing the benefits of one revolution, I have been spared to be a witness of two other revolutions, both glorious." The three principles for which he had always contended were recognized in France. "First, the right of liberty of conscience in religious matters; secondly, the right to resist power when abused; and thirdly, the right of choosing their own governors, of cashiering them

for misconduct, and of framing their own government." He did not live to see the miseries through which France was fated to pass before these principles were firmly established. The violation of them by the rest of Europe retarded progress, while the long course of oppression and misgovernment which had prevailed in France was responsible for the ignorance and brutality displayed by the nation. Dr. Price felt keenly for the people. In his mind the terrible evils under which they had so long lain prostrate were so demoralizing that the only wonder was that they had been roused at last to resistance.

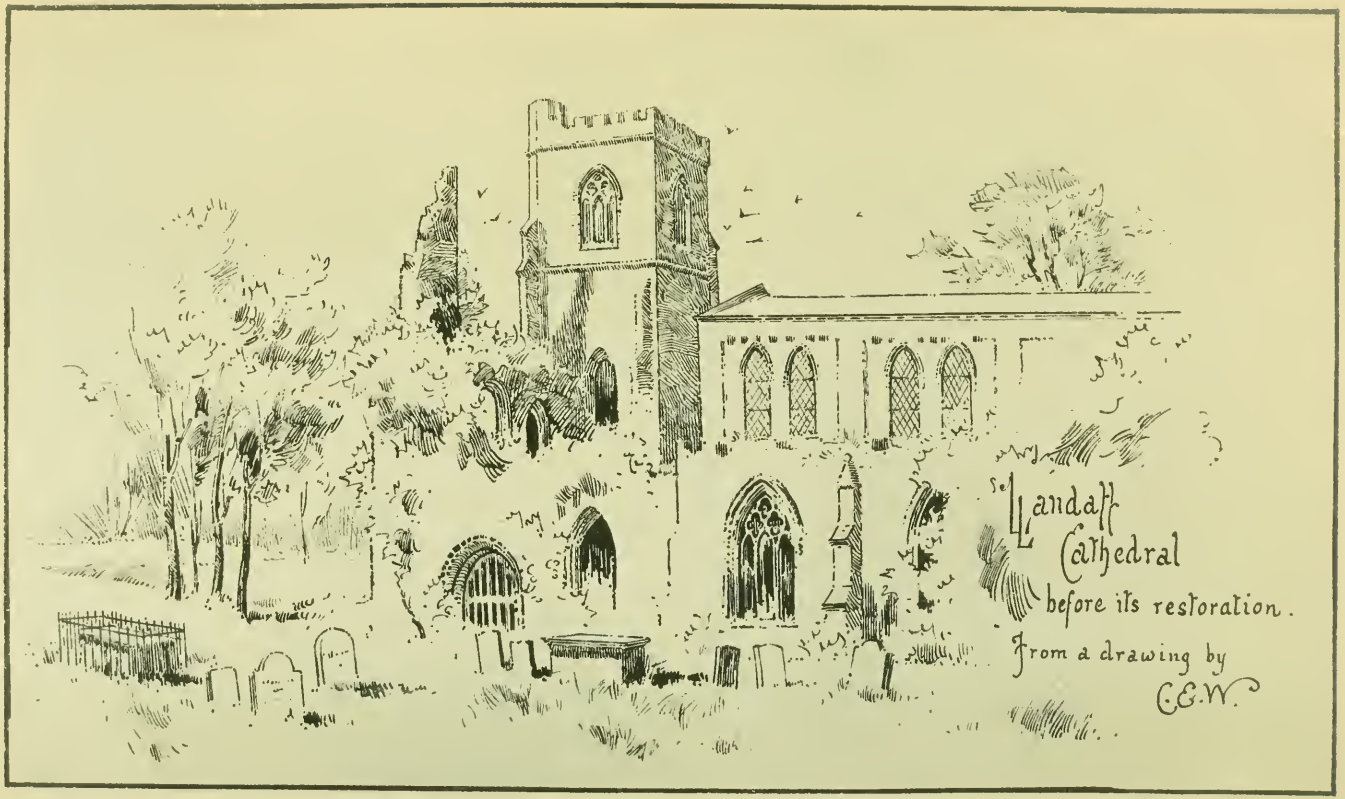
The virulent attacks made upon him by Burke for his "sympathy with revolution" did not disturb his tranquillity. His speech at the banquet on the 14th July, 1790, was his last public effort. Soon afterwards he went with his sister Mrs. Morgan into Wales, enjoying his stay at the seaside at Newton, near Bridgend, and the society of his nieces and their children for the last time. Some of the younger generation were well able to remember the last visit of Dr. Price and to recall the charm of his presence. "His company," says Mr. Rogers, "always afforded pleasure to

young and old," and as an illustration of this, he tells how he himself, with five or six young men who loved Dr. Price's society, once attended him on his journey back to town from Brighton as far as the Devil's Dyke, and that when this party were passing through Horsham, a gentleman ran after them to solicit Dr. Price to return and sleep at his house that night. "It would," he said, "confer the greatest favour on himself and the ladies who were with him, as to them all the highest possible gratification would be 'an evening spent with Dr. Price,'" who however was unable to grant the request. During the last two years of his life he had to mourn the death of several of his friends. Dr. Shipley, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Adams, the Master of Pembroke College, died in 1789. They were both old and valued friends. Only a few days before the latter died he wrote a touching letter to Dr. Price, expressing a hope that "their friendship, which had so long been cultivated to their mutual happiness in this world, might be continued for ever in a better." In September, 1789, he received from Moscow a letter from the philanthropist Howard, written not long before his death from the

plague at Cherson, and early the next year, April 24th, 1790, a letter from Philadelphia informed him of the death of Dr. Franklin. "Dr. Price's warm and affectionate spirit," said Mr. Rogers, "could never endure any severe and frigid system of Philosophy. 'I cannot but consider the friendships contracted between pious persons here,' he would say, 'as only the commencement of a communion which is to be renewed in a better world, and go on for ever.'" This last illness was due to a chill contracted while attending the funeral of a friend at Bunhill Fields. "That way of attending funerals is the sure way of sending the living after the dead," had been his remark on his return from such a ceremony a few weeks before. His illness was a very painful one, but in his utmost agonies he uttered neither sigh nor murmur. "His patience and resignation never failed," says Mr. Rogers, and "when in great pain, he checked himself from groaning, saying he would not contract that habit." During the last hours he gently reclined upon his bed, observing "all was now over;" and when asked how he was, replied "not worse but going to another world." The news of his death was

received with great sorrow both in America and in France. The National Assembly, the Jacobins, and indeed all France, went into mourning for six days. His loss was deeply felt by his sister Mrs. Morgan and her children.

His nephew George had occasion that same year to write to his pupil, Sir George Cayley, on the death of his father. "Death," he said, "is only a link in that endless series of good designed for man by the omnipotent benevolence of Heaven. Whether I study the moral, the material, or political history of man, my mind is impelled with perpetual recurrence to one conclusion, that every peculiarity of form, of power, of propensity, of instinct and of knowledge, is designed for my happiness. If I differ from another creature, the difference is called forth by some diversity of circumstances, the good of which can be obtained only by a certain change in the means employed. In short all differences, from the least to the greatest, bear this character."



Llandaff
Cathedral
before its restoration.
From a drawing by
C.E.W.

CHAPTER XV.

GEORGE MORGAN AND IRELAND IN 1798.

GWRAWL NI FYDD DISGIFRITH.

THE BRAVE WILL NOT BE CRUEL.

Mrs. Morgan and her children were thoroughly imbued with Dr. Price's liberal views. During the trying times that followed neither she nor her sons ever wavered in their allegiance to the cause of freedom. The excesses of the French Revolution produced a great reaction even in the minds of its early friends. It became dangerous to adhere to the popular side and to entertain what were considered revolutionary opinions. It was not safe to associate with the more conspicuous actors, but both at Stamford Hill and at Southgate a kind welcome was still extended to them. The press was not free: George Morgan was warned against printing the life of Dr. Price as he had intended, since it in-

volved a history of his connection with the struggles for civil and religious liberty. "I hoped to have published my uncle's life," he wrote, "but I am sadly frightened by poor Johnstone's conviction. Most probably he will be kept in gaol long enough to ruin both his health and his property." The last years of the eighteenth century were remarkable for a violent reaction which seemed to put a stop to the world's progress. "The aspect of public affairs becomes every day more gloomy," wrote George Morgan to his mother. "Not a hope of peace is ever indulged, and the expense of the civil war raging in Ireland makes the prospect of further burdens intolerable. The state of things in that country can admit of no change for the worse. The grounds neglected, the roads covered with putrid bodies. In all directions burning and burnt houses. The villages changed into barracks, and in many places daily executions. Some flogged, some half hanged, and the horrid spear spikes elevated with the bleeding heads of the rebels fixed on them. I have it on good authority that 30,000 Irish have already fallen, and those who write on the aristocratic side from thence declare that much greater destruc-

tion must precede tranquillity. The Irish have adopted a mode of warfare which must prolong the contest for years. They are more numerous than ever, but they never come to battle excepting when they can't help it. Mr. Pitt is perfectly recovered, and is apparently in high spirits. Nothing now divides the Cabinet but their doubts whether any lenity is to be shown to the Irish or whether the whole body of Catholics are to be exterminated as the only cure for the prevailing evils." Things in Ireland went from bad to worse, and a few months later Mr. Morgan thus alludes to the state of affairs to his mother. "There is no describing to you the public anxiety about the late defeat in Ireland. Every person is with wide-staring eyes looking for the next mail, as when the last dispatches came away the two armies were close to each other. Nothing could be more unexpected than Lalli's disaster, and we have not a doubt of Cornwallis repairing the injury with great ease. Indeed, it is humiliating to think that 700 men should beat 4,000, but as Cornwallis can bring 20,000 into the field, it is scarcely possible that the French should make any progress unless reinforced from their own country, or by a general

rising of the Irish." Europe was convulsed at this time by the panic caused by Buonaparte, and the most alarming rumours of his movements were abroad. It was said he had gone to India, and that his campaign would begin with Bombay. Mr. Morgan's friends, the Ashburners, had property there, and the two brothers, William and Luke, who had been his pupils, had gone to India when they left him. In 1798 Luke made a most perilous journey home, which Mr. Morgan thus describes: "He travelled across part of the desert, along the Euphrates, then up the Tigris, then through Asia Minor to Constantinople, whence he travelled through Turkey, Hungary and Germany. He had well-nigh lost his life in the snow. For weeks and weeks he had no lodging but that in which he and his horse littered together. As he came through Austria he witnessed immense warlike preparations. There was at the time a hope that the French and Austrians would soon again come to blows, but he was told that the Austrian Councils were under the direction of the Empress, and that she was guided by a man in the pay of the French, while the Emperor himself was employed from morning to night in making

cakes for his deer, of which he was exceedingly fond. He seldom attended the Council, and when he did the Empress was always at his elbow." These were depressing times for Liberals like the Morgans, who had been so sanguine that the days of arbitrary power were numbered.

The financial affairs of the country were suffering. William Morgan, the actuary, was very despondent about them. When his brother George asked his advice as to the disposal of a sum of £500 which he had upon his hands: "Bury it," he replied. "But how," said George, "am I to do this and live till the time of its resurrection?" No man could be more indifferent to wealth than George Morgan. "The strong language of Christianity concerning the virtuous difficulties of the rich man," he had written, "appears to me to be founded on the firmest basis of reason. The more I see of the world the more I am convinced that the higher your station, the further you remove from the region of good character. Make a man rich, and you make him lazy, luxurious, the slave of his own passions, and altogether the reverse of that busy, self-denying agent which both Christianity and Philosophy point

out as the only individual who can rise to moral excellence. Make a man rich and he is the slave of the times, the interested friend of every established abuse, and the most obstinate supporter of all religious and civil tyranny. Make a man rich, and you expose him to all the arts, the intrigues, the flatteries, the delusions, and all the poisonous frauds by which the worst characters in society rise on the idleness and passions of the most foolish." Up to these principles George Morgan had endeavoured to live, and by doing so he recommended them to his friends. Among those who lived in great intimacy with him was Mr. Boddington, a man of great wealth, whose style of living in Park Lane was in marked contrast to his own, such, however, was his value for Mr. Morgan's society that it was his greatest wish to live close to him. The house at Southgate was becoming too small for the family, and Mr. Boddington took great trouble to find another for his friend in some situation to which he himself could remove to be near him. Many houses were looked at, and an excellent one at Coni *(sic)* Hatch, with garden and sixteen acres of ground, was offered for £60 a year.

Others were seen that did not meet his requirements. "I am determined," he wrote to his mother, "to live near town, and in some place to which the protection of a *watch* extends. Wishing, as I do, to be frequently visiting you and my brother, the other side of the water would be inconvenient."

Mrs. Morgan's house in Hill Street, Upper Clapton, was within easy reach of Stamford Hill and Southgate. Clapton was then regarded as quite rural. Londoners were glad to come there for country air, and when she went into Wales in the summer her house was sometimes taken by London friends. One year it was let to her countryman, Mr. Lewis Loyd, who with his wife and only child, Jones Loyd, afterwards Lord Overstone, came to enjoy the purer air. "I lately visited your lodgers, the Loyds," writes her son George to her, "and they received me very civilly." Much hospitality was shown by Mrs. Morgan to her Welsh relatives. She took the warmest interest in the young people of the family, and her shrewd sense and unselfish benevolence made her invaluable to her friends. While she was staying in Glamorganshire among her daughters one year, she had written to her son

George expressing her anxiety that her grandson Walter (Mrs. Coffin's eldest son, who was born to a fortune) should enjoy the advantage of being educated by his uncle. There is a very characteristic reply from Mr. Morgan. "What shall I say to you about Walter Coffin? I wish to be serviceable to the youth, and know not how to say 'Don't come.' Yet I feel strong objections to his being in my house, particularly on account of his own and Sarah's age. It would be using neither kindly to place them together in such circumstances previous to an age in which their own judgment is to operate. Should you feel my objection to be trifling I will take him, but don't on my account press the business. I would not on any account consent unless they are not only ready but urgent." At the close of this summer George Morgan paid a visit to the coast near Bridgend. It was on one of these visits, when both his elder brother, William Morgan, and himself were staying in Glamorganshire, that the two fathers took their two daughters—the two Sarahs—to see Mrs. Price, the widow of Rice Price's eldest son, at Park. The old lady, who was a rather formidable personage, was charmed with the two young

STAMFORD HILL.

girls, and each went away with a silver goblet as a mark of her regard. The two daughters of those two Sarahs are still living, delightful representatives of their mothers, at the age of eighty-four, and the silver goblets are in their possession.

John Williams, the eldest son of George Morgan's eldest sister, was of an age to enjoy his uncle's society and to cherish the memory of his conversation. They had swimming matches together, for Mr. Morgan was remarkably active and athletic and was then in robust health. Before the end of the year, however, he was dead. The new house was never taken, the young nephew never became his pupil. A fever contracted, it was supposed, while making a chemical experiment in which he inhaled some poison, carried him off after a short illness, through which his brother William nursed him night and day. In the same year, 1798, three first cousins, descendants of Rice Price, died—Mrs. Lewis of Newhouse, the daughter of Dr. Price's eldest brother, and the heiress of her grandfather's wealth; Mrs. Richardson of Merthyr Mawr, the daughter of Rice Price's youngest daughter, Mrs. Flew; as well as Mr. George Morgan.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. MORGAN.

GOREU TRYSOR DAIONI.

THE BEST TREASURE IS GOODNESS.

GEORGE MORGAN'S life had not only been invaluable to his own family, but influential for good in a much wider circle. His own children were most of them too young to know their loss—his eldest child (his only daughter, Sarah Price) was not fifteen, and an eighth son was born to his widow after his death. There were not wanting kind relations and friends for her in her sorrow. Her own people were wealthy and liberal, and she had some fortune. She removed to a small house within easy distance of her brother-in-law, Mr. William Morgan, of Stamford Hill, where the young people continued their studies together. The two Sarahs and Susan, Mr. William Morgan's younger daughter, received an education unusual for girls in those days. They learned Greek as well as Latin, for it was Mr. George Morgan's

idea to teach the former language first, and both his brother and himself had very liberal notions as to female education.

Sarah Price had considerable artistic talent, and with a view to her making Art her profession, she studied regularly in the galleries to which admission for her was obtained. Mrs. George Morgan was one of the most amiable and unselfish of women. She had shared all her husband's views with enthusiasm, and her great wish was to bring up her children in their father's footsteps. She succeeded in inspiring them with devoted affection to herself, and she shrank from no sacrifices in carrying out what she thought right, but she was too unpractical to be a good economist with the slender means at her command. The remembrance of her husband's hopes of America led her to entertain the idea of settling her sons in the new country. George, the eldest son, was sent as a pioneer to the West under circumstances that exposed him and the brothers who followed him there to extraordinary hardships. The fortunes of all the younger generation were followed with the deepest interest by their grandmother, Mrs. Morgan. She remained in London for some years after her

son George's death. She felt she could be of use there by giving a home to her two eldest grandsons, John and Richard Williams, while they attended Guy's Hospital. In 1795 John received the certificate of his proficiency from the eminent doctors under whom he had studied, and came away qualified by the skill he had acquired and by the great nerve he possessed for the successful practice of his profession. He was only twenty when he returned to assist his father as a doctor at Bridgend. The years he had spent in London, in the society of his uncles, exercised a powerful influence on his future life. The taste he had acquired for knowledge and for scientific pursuits remained with him for life, and up to the last (he was in his ninety-first year when he died) he was able to interest himself in his classical studies, and to occupy himself in translating Newton's *Principia*. The liberal political opinions which he shared with the rest of his family were confirmed, and proved sufficiently strong to resist the effect of a life chiefly spent in a small provincial town. He liked to remember that during his stay in London he had seen Charles James Fox—who struck him as a homely-looking Englishman,—that Wilkes had

been pointed out to him by his uncle, and that he had seen Wesley. His uncle, Mr. Morgan, was intimate with Horne Tooke, and long afterwards the young doctor was amused to find that his patients at Dunraven Castle had ordered the *Diversions of Purley*, under the impression that in that able work by Horne Tooke on philosophy they should find a novel. Richard Williams succeeded his eldest brother at his grandmother's house, and always said that his after-life was deeply influenced by the time he spent with her. She was the centre to which all the family turned, whether in London or at Bridgend. When she finally made her home in the country near her daughters, her son William brought his children, and often some of his brother George's sons, to spend their summer holidays near her. One of her granddaughters was married.

In George Morgan's last letter to his mother, in 1798, he referred to the engagement of Mrs. Williams' eldest daughter to Mr. Edwards, a young surgeon, who was serving in the Militia in 1798. Mr. Morgan asked his mother whether the Glamorganshire Militia had offered to serve in Ireland, "as their loyalty might," he added, "be the loss of a lover to

Betsey Williams." In 1799, however, the young pair were married, Mr. Edwards having quitted his profession to take to farming. It was a pleasant family circle in which Mrs. Morgan spent her last years. The homes of her two eldest daughters, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Coffin, were not far apart, and were full of young people. It was at Mrs. Williams' house at Newcastle Hill that the elders were in the habit of assembling in the evenings to discuss the affairs of the nation, which were then and for many years afterwards full of startling events. In compliance with Mr. Coffin's severely simple tastes, early hours were kept at his house, but when evening prayers had been read by him and he had retired to rest, Mrs. Coffin would walk up the hill in the summer to join her sister's party—herself the ruling spirit of it—for her conversation was said to be full of interest, and her stories were highly appreciated by her audience. They were never tired of listening to her account of her experiences in London, and of the scenes she had witnessed during the Lord George Gordon riots in June, 1780, when the house in which her brother and herself had lived, at Chatham Place, had for a time been threatened by the mob.

The warm interest which Mrs. Morgan had taken in politics throughout her life had certainly produced no injurious effects on her character. There had been no diminution in the feminine virtues, she faithfully discharged the duties of wife, mother, and friend, while her intercourse with her sons had been productive of the greatest mutual pleasure and profit in consequence of her wider sympathies and larger views. Her son William's letters to her always touched on such subjects. "You wish to know my sentiments on public affairs," he wrote in 1802, "I can only say they are entirely those of Mr. Fox, whose speeches are replete with good sense and sound policy. I fear, however, the warlike disposition of the opposite faction. If our peace establishment is to exceed forty millions, it will be of very little consequence to the country whom we have as our Ministers, Buonaparte cannot wage a more successful warfare than against our finances. I once thought Mr. Addington a modest man, but his last budget shows him to be a true disciple of Pitt. I pity Mr. Hobhouse, who puts faith in him, and will be deceived as others have been." In the same letter he tells his mother: "I

have lately spent an agreeable day at Mr. Cline's" (the great surgeon's), "and met some good company there, but Erskine is so full of himself that he always engrosses all the conversation without any right, either from superior knowledge or understanding." Mr. Morgan's position as Actuary of the Equitable Assurance Office brought him into contact with many of the foremost characters of the day. His very liberal opinions procured him the friendship of some very advanced politicians, such as Horne Tooke and Sir Francis Burdett. He was acquainted with many dignitaries of the Church, being consulted much on questions relating to ecclesiastical property. He was on particularly friendly terms with Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff, who probably had no inclination to quarrel with him for his liberal views. His conversational talents were great. He had a cultivated mind, a keen memory, and a caustic wit. The best society of his time was open to him, but he was so contented in his own family circle after his busy day's work, that he too much neglected to cultivate the outer world. He was proud of being a Welshman, and though he left Wales so early he always retained a knowledge

of the language. When already old he once showed his skill by turning a Welsh song into elegant English verse on the spur of the moment, and it was his delight when his Welsh nieces were with him to talk of his native place, and to entertain them with graphic pictures of his early days. He received a letter from his mother early in 1803, written by herself, but in a weak and trembling hand. "I beg you will let John Williams" (her grandson) "be your scribe till you have gained more strength," he replied. "I would not for the world enjoy the pleasure of receiving a letter written by your own hand at the expense of any pain or difficulty to you, though I hope I may still look forward to renewing a correspondence that has formed one of the most delightful occupations of my life. I am looking forward to the period of my annual visit to Wales, which will once more give me the pleasure of your company and conversation." Mrs. Morgan knew she was dying, and she did not live to the end of this year. "Few persons have more cause to look forward with satisfaction and joy than yourself," her son had written, "for a character so uniformly virtuous has everything to hope for." She died, full of years and honours, aged eighty, in 1803.

CHAPTER XVII.

LLANDAFF COURT.—MRS. ASHBURNER.

NID CADARN OND CYFRODEDD.

NO STRENGTH LIKE UNION.

During the early years of the present century many changes occurred in the families of Mrs. Morgan's children. Her eldest son's daughter Sarah married Benjamin Travers, the distinguished surgeon; Mr. Morgan's eldest son William (who was with him at the Equitable Assurance Office as Assistant Actuary) married Maria Towgood, the beautiful niece of Samuel Rogers. Neither the son nor daughter, however, lived long after their marriages. William Morgan, who had much ability and was universally beloved, left his young widow with an only daughter, for whom henceforward she lived with a devotion that excluded all inclination to entertain any offer of marriage, however brilliant it was. Mrs. Travers died after

the birth of a third child, leaving her only daughter—little Sarah—to the care of her sister Susan, who throughout her life was all that the most tender mother could have been. Mr. Travers married again, and had a large family. His daughter remained at her grandfather's house at Stamford Hill—a delightful house, of which she was the pride and delight. That house became the central point in the family. During those years of anxiety in the Liberal party many ardent reformers were in the habit of meeting there. Mr. Morgan had expressed his disapproval of Pitt's policy in no measured terms in his political writings. The prosecution of the members of the Constitutional Club (whose demands for representation would now appear perfectly reasonable and moderate) generally incensed and alarmed all Liberals. Mr. Morgan's name was down on the list of those threatened with similar prosecution. The acquittal of Horne Tooke saved his friends. Mr. Morgan is said to have received an intimation from Pitt to the effect that if he would employ his pen on the side of the Government he would "find his account." Pitt himself, in the earlier part of his career, had been a member of this very Constitutional

Club, and the badge which he wore when Secretary to the Club is in the possession of Mr. Morgan's grand-daughter, Miss Travers. She remembers the precautions taken at her grandfather's house against the intrusion of an enemy on the lively gatherings which were held at Stamford Hill on Sunday evenings. The shutters were carefully closed, and Amelia Alderson (afterwards Mrs. Opie), who was often present, would then sing, with great spirit, in her charming voice, the following song, the music and words of which were composed by Mr. John Taylor of Norwich, the father of Mrs. Austen :—

"The trumpet of Liberty sounds through the world,
And the Universe starts at the sound,
Her standard Philosophy's hand hath unfurled,
And the nations are thronging around.

Chorus. Fall, Tyrants, fall, fall, fall!
These are the days of liberty!
Fall, Tyrants, fall!"

Sarah Price, George Morgan's only daughter, married Luke Ashburner, formerly one of her father's pupils. His family had property in India; he had settled there after an early marriage, but having lost his wife, he paid a visit to England a few years after Mr.

George Morgan's death. Sarah Price was not twenty when Mr. Ashburner returned. He fell in love with her and married her, and she went back with him to Bombay. She was a great addition to society, for her conversational talents and her artistic tastes were remarkable, and were much appreciated by the brilliant circle then settled there. Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Wedderburn and other eminent men were members of it. A graphic picture of her life in India exists in a series of letters, written by her to her cousin, Susan Morgan of Stamford Hill. In Basil Hall's travels his account of an excursion to the Caves of Elephanta is illustrated by a little sketch made by Mrs. Ashburner (who was one of the party), to whom he pays a warm tribute while acknowledging her assistance. The climate of India soon seriously affected her health, and it became necessary for her to return to England, with her five young children, about the year 1816. At the same time Mr. Ashburner, in an access of deep depression, resolved to proceed to America to join his young brothers-in-law there. For this purpose he left the management of his estate of Bandoopt (which was pretty much given up

to the cultivation of the sugar-cane) in the hands of his brother-in-law, Mr. William Ashburner Morgan, and of a Parsee named Cowagee. There being, as he said, "no gold to be had," he collected what money he could in bills on China and crossed the Atlantic. It was the favourite dream of extreme Liberals to emigrate to the New Republic, and Mr. Ashburner wrote in high spirits to his wife of the brilliant hopes he entertained from the settlement in the new country. Mrs. Ashburner was too ill to share her husband's sanguine views, and the accounts that reached her of the hardships which her elder brothers were still enduring in America did not tend to cheer her. She joined her mother in London with her children, and while her husband was still away, paid visits to her relations in the country in the vain hope of regaining her health. On her way down into Wales she stayed at Frenchay, with her aunt Mrs. Maurice, the mother of Frederick Denison Maurice. It was in the year 1817 and was a time of general mourning in England; the Princess Charlotte had just died, and Mrs. Maurice and her daughters were busy preparing their black dresses. Both during this visit and next spring,

when Mrs. Ashburner had a house at Clifton for three months, she experienced much kindness from her aunt Mrs. Maurice, of whom she was fond, and from her family, for whom she had a great regard.

The visit however to her Welsh relations, the Coffins, at Llandaff Court, where she and her children made a long stay, was that which gave her the greatest pleasure, and on which her eldest daughter still looks back as on a first delightful vision of English country life, with its picture of happiness in the hayfield, at the dairy, and in the old garden with the tower at the further end of the boundary wall. Many changes had occurred in Mrs. Ashburner's family during her absence in India. Both her uncles, Mr. Coffin and Mr. Williams, were dead. On the death of his father, Walter Coffin had bought Llandaff Court, and had removed there with his mother and his two sisters. It had just been left vacant by the death of his cousin, Mr. Samuel Price—the only son of Mr. John Price, Rice Price's eldest son and heir. Llandaff was then a lovely village, and Cardiff only a small country town; in the year 1800 it contained 1800 inhabitants. The Taff (at the mouth of which it stood) flowed

clear and bright down the beautiful Taff Valley, and was still well stocked with the salmon, once so plentiful that servants had made it a condition with their masters that they should not be fed daily on fish. The town with its gravelly soil and pure water was famed for its healthiness, The fine remains of Cardiff Castle adorned the entrance to the town, and the ruins of Castell Coch and of Llandaff Cathedral added to the picturesque scenery of the Valley. Llandaff Court had been built, near the site of the ancient monastery, only a few years before, by Admiral Mathews, and the house was said to have been planned to resemble a sea-chest by his desire. Whatever might be thought of its architectural merits, it was admirable for the comfort and cheerfulness of its internal arrangements. A fine entrance hall led to spacious rooms, well lit by a profusion of windows, which commanded a charming view towards Cardiff and the sea beyond. The gateway to the old monastery was the entrance to the kitchen garden, which occupied part of the ancient site.

Though Llandaff was a bishopric, no bishop then resided there. In those days the see was so slenderly endowed that it was always held

in connection with other preferment. Watson, who was then Bishop, lived in Cumberland, and his visits to his diocese were few and far between. The Church had few adherents in Wales, the people were almost all Nonconformists. The type of religion which was most prevalent, not only among them but among the more earnest members of the establishment, was stern Calvinism, with which Bishop Watson had little sympathy; indeed it was said that on the occasion of one of his progresses through the county, he preached strongly against these opinions. "These," he said, "are the doctrines that send victims to the gallows, and fill the lunatic asylums." The conduct of the country gentry, however, does not seem to have been guided by any very strong religious feeling. Several gentlemen's houses were situated in and around the village of Llandaff, and much friendly intercourse was kept up between the families. Card parties were frequent, seasoned by a great deal of gossip and not a little scandal, in the absence of all rational interests, public or private. The new inhabitants of Llandaff Court brought with them very different tastes. The family, taking its tone from the pure piety and lofty

patriotism of Dr. Price, was the centre of liberal opinions in politics and religion. From these opinions they never wavered under all circumstances of worldly temptation. Views that are now almost universal among intelligent people, were then considered dangerous and odious. Though their good sense and good feeling made them anxious to avoid any needless contention with the Tory squires and Church dignitaries with whom they now came in contact, they never hesitated to profess without reserve what they considered, and what have since proved to be, just views on all subjects of importance. There was, however, a certain dignity of character in the members of this family, which made them respected and deferred to even by those who differed from them. It had been Mr. Coffin's great wish to go the Bar, but though he had wealth and talents peculiarly fitting him for such a career, such were the disadvantages under which Nonconformists then laboured, that he was excluded from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge by the necessity of signing the Thirty-nine Articles. For some years he superintended his father's large and lucrative tanning business, but the employment

was very uncongenial. The landed property which his father possessed in the Ogmore and Rhondda Valleys promised to give him wider interests. There was great scope for an enterprising spirit in Glamorganshire at that time. The success of the iron works at Merthyr Tydvil gave an impetus to mining speculation, and soon after his father's death Mr. Coffin's active and intelligent mind was drawn to the subject of the Welsh coalfields, and he determined that the business of his life should be to develope the mineral resources of the land he had inherited. The task Mr. Coffin had set himself was a very hard one, demanding great sacrifices not only from himself but from his family. Even before his mother's death in 1822, she had deplored his absorption in his colliery. "Walter has married a black wife," she would say. It would have grieved her still more could she have foreseen that none of her children, remarkable as they were for beauty and talent, would ever marry. Her second son, William, was devoted to study, and carried on his mathematical and astronomical pursuits with such success that he was asked to accompany Sir John Herschell to the Cape

to make observations there, though he did not do so. Mrs. Coffin, quite an old lady when they removed to Llandaff Court, took great delight in her flower garden, while the cares of the establishment devolved upon her daughter Mary, who was a charming mistress of the household. Nowhere could Mrs. Ashburner in her shattered state of health have found a better haven of rest or more congenial companionship than with her aunt and cousins. The young people were handsome, gifted, and amiable. Mary Coffin was very beautiful, and her face was an index of her noble nature. Her clear judgment and great penetration into character gave her an influence in her own family which was all the deeper that she exercised it with such perfect sweetness and good sense. It seemed her mission through life to ward off trouble from others, and without a thought of self, to minister to the comfort and happiness of all around her. She was most tender and sympathetic to her invalid cousin, Mrs. Ashburner, and when Mr. Ashburner arrived in England, he took a cottage for his wife and children at Llandaff, to be near these kind friends. It had become evident that Mrs. Ashburner would not recover,

and that she would never be called upon to try the scheme of emigration to which she had so great a disinclination. She died at Llandaff, and was buried in the graveyard of the Cathedral. She left five children, the eldest of whom, George, was scarcely twelve years old. His mother had made him so much her companion—as indeed it was her habit to do with all her children, instructing them by her conversation,—that the boy's grief at her loss was excessive. Soon after her death he went with his father to America, while the younger children were left behind for a time. The friendship which the Llandaff cousins had felt for Mrs. Ashburner was continued to her family.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOUTHERNDOWN.

BOB TRUGAROG DUW O I RANN.

EVERY MERCIFUL PERSON HAS GOD ON HIS SIDE.

The removal of the Coffins to Llandaff had been greatly lamented by their relations at Bridgend. The elders especially missed Mrs. Coffin's pleasant evening visits. Mr. Williams felt aggrieved to the last day of his life by the loss of his sister-in-law's company. He died in 1815. The young people of the two families had grown up together in the closest intimacy. Mary Coffin possessed a wonderful charm for them all—not only by her beauty, but by the generosity and nobleness of her character. Her great wish always was to share with her cousins any advantage she enjoyed. They were stimulated to take up the same studies and to cultivate the same tastes, while her influence, so unconsciously exercised, had the effect of raising the whole tone of their intercourse. Bridgend and the neighbouring sea-coast still continued to possess

a great attraction for the family, and remained a meeting place for its scattered members. A house was taken for Mrs. Ashburner's children at Bridgend, and a governess engaged to take charge of them. The wife of her brother, Wm. Ashburner Morgan, had lately come over for the benefit of her health from Bombay, where her husband had for some years filled the important post of Solicitor to the East India Company. She settled for a time at Bridgend with her two little girls. A house or a lodging at Southerndown was generally taken during the summer for Mr. Morgan of Stamford Hill, his sons, and the sons of his brother George, who were studying for professions in London, and seized every opportunity of taking a holiday there,—often at 'Green Gate,' a small house which is still standing. There are some amusing letters in existence, which were written by John Morgan, a son of Mr. Morgan of Stamford Hill (who afterwards became a distinguished surgeon) to his young niece, Sarah Travers, whom he calls "the promising child, and flower of the family." He tells her of the pleasant life he is leading, of his rides to Llandaff and Bridgend (for he has taken a horse down to the country with him),

of his feats as a fisherman, "taking twelve trout, some of them weighing more than a quarter of a pound, in two hours." He asks his brother Arthur to send him a weekly paper, the *Observer*, regularly, that he "may keep up with his relations, who are such determined newsmongers." He describes a curious "ceremony" he has seen at Bridgend, or rather at the neighbouring village of Coity, called the "Skimmington"—an experiment at Local Self-Government among the natives, distinctly foreshadowing their aptitude for Parish Councils. John Morgan witnessed the concluding scene of this mock Court of Justice, which had been set up by the villagers some weeks before, to enquire into and try a case of flagrant matrimonial squabbling among their neighbours. A judge, twelve councillors on either side, and twelve jurymen, had been chosen. The case had been argued with "great decorum" at several meetings in a barn, and both man and wife having been adjudged guilty, they were sentenced to be punished by being held up to the ridicule of their neighbours. With this object a procession was formed to march through the adjoining villages, two men dressed up to personate the

quarrelsome pair being carried on a cart in the midst.

The visits of Mr. George Morgan's son Edmund to Bridgend, ended in his becoming engaged to his cousin Anne, Mrs. Williams's youngest daughter. He was studying law in London, in order to join his elder brother William at Bombay, and the engagement had necessarily to be a long one. He had won a prize in his cousin Anne. To her the whole family by common consent seemed to turn in every difficulty. It was her admirable good sense and sweet unselfish temper, rather than any extraordinary talent or beauty, which distinguished her. She had the power of making the best of everything. In nothing was this more shown than in her conscientious use of her own gifts, however slender. Her well cultivated mind was due to the most painstaking perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. A great addition to the small circle at Bridgend had lately been made in the person of a young Yorkshirewoman, who came to teach Mrs. Ashburner Morgan's two little girls. Caroline Whitesmith had left her widowed mother mourning the death of her last two sons, both

of them promising men. The younger, Horatio, had been brought up by his uncle, Mr. Dyson, to his own profession) that of a Harbour Engineer), the elder son, Leonard, had distinguished himself in India. His talents had recommended him to Sir Stamford Raffles, under whom he was serving in Java, when his career was cut short by yellow fever. Caroline was his youngest sister, and had been quite a child when he left home. He had charged himself with her education,—and had been a most generous son and brother. That she must have been very like him in appearance was proved soon after her arrival at Bridgend. Captain Davy (a grandson of Rice Price's youngest daughter, Mrs. Flew) had just returned from a long residence in India, where he had served with great distinction, and had amassed a fortune that justified his making a home for himself near his native place. Meeting Miss Whitesmith soon after her arrival at Bridgend, his attention was instantly fixed upon her, and when he heard her name, he ventured to enquire whether a brother of hers had been in India, as he had had a great friend of the same name whom she strikingly resembled. This of course proved to have

been her brother Leonard, of whom Captain Davy had much that was interesting to tell her, and much sorrow to express at the sad termination of his brilliant career. As the new arrival was not only remarkably pretty, but very bright and agreeable, she added much to the pleasures of this time at Bridgend. Anne Williams and herself became great friends. They practised music together, for Anne was anxiously trying to learn to play on the guitar to please her cousin Edmund, who was extremely fond of music. Meanwhile, her eldest brother, John (who was near fifty, and had lived at home while pursuing his profession of doctor—being regarded as a confirmed, luxurious bachelor) fell in love with his sister's young friend, and their marriage took place in October, 1822. About the same time Edmund Morgan was married to his cousin Anne, and she went with him to Bombay. These changes greatly affected Mrs. Williams. Her sister, Mrs. Coffin, died at the end of the year 1822, and she did not long survive her. "You wonder I do not lament her more," she said to her children, "but I shall follow her soon." She lived to see her son John's first child, a little girl, the child of a son whom she had

loved with an excess of affection which had sometimes exposed her to the accusation of partiality: this she always anxiously repudiated. Her nature indeed was very full of indulgent love for all her children. "How could I be ungrateful to my good son Richard?" she would say, alluding to her second son, so long absent in India, but so constant in his attention to her. The will in which she disposed of her small possessions among her children affords a touching proof of her amiable character. To her son John she bequeathed as "small tokens of my love and regard for him, one of my silver waiters, together with the silver cup out of which he usually drinks." To her son Richard she gives "my other silver waiter, and my silver teapot, and the picture of my uncle Dr. Price, which I beg he will accept as tokens of my love for him, and of my pleasing recollection of all he has done for his mother, and of his unceasing willingness to do for her more than she would wish or require." The 103rd Psalm, which was read to her at her request not long before her death, very fitly expressed the temper of her life and her feelings at its close.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. EDMUND MORGAN

NID DIOFAL OND DEDWYDD.

FEARLESS THROUGH FAITH.

Two members of the Williams' family now alone remained in the house on Newcastle Hill, Mary the eldest unmarried daughter and Cadogan the youngest son. Kitty, the other daughter, joined her sister Mrs. Edmund Morgan at Bombay, while John Williams took his wife and child to London with a view to practising his profession there. He settled on the north side of the city where so many of his family had chosen to reside, and where his uncle Mr. Morgan and his family still lived. He took a house at Stoke Newington, one of the pleasant row of old dwellings with good gardens attached to them, in which many interesting people had lived. Defoe's house surrounded by fields still stood in the neighbourhood, and was inhabited by Mr. Frend, a man of liberal opinions, who had resigned in fellowship at Cambridge from conscientious

scruples, and having great mathematical talent had become the Actuary of the Sun Office. He was a friend of Mr. Morgan, and became a friend and patient of Mr. Williams. Mrs. Barbauld and her brother Dr. Aikin, well known inhabitants of Stoke Newington, had only just died. Mr. and Mrs. Williams at once found themselves received into a congenial circle, among whom they found many good friends. This northern suburb of London then offered many advantages. It was still quite open to the country, and was the high road to the north of England. The heights of Highgate were seen from Mr. Morgan's house, a short drive led to Epping Forest, and a fine air blew freshly from the pleasant Northern counties. Here (and later at Clapton Terrace) Mr. and Mrs. Williams spent the next few years, and many of their children were born. A faithful correspondence was maintained by Mrs. Edmund Morgan with those she had left behind. She kept a journal full of interesting details for her brother and sister at Bridgend, and she was the medium of communication between her brother, Richard Price (who was in another part of India) and the family at home. For the first few years of her residence

at Bombay, her brother-in-law, Wm. Ashburner Morgan, lived with them. Old servants, who had long been in the service of the Ashburner family remained with her, and found in her a most considerate mistress. Though her health had been left delicate by a rheumatic fever contracted when she was eighteen, from sleeping in a damp bed when on a visit, she had always appeared to have time and strength to be at everybody's service in her own home, and when she came to India, she entered upon the management of a large establishment with an energy unusual in that climate. She thought of everybody but herself. It is distressing to observe in her letters to her sister Mary, the struggle she is waging with ever increasing illness. But for the bad effect of the climate on her health, the seven years spent in India, would have been full of enjoyment to her sister Kitty and herself. The society at Bombay was then very interesting. Bishop Heber was often Mrs. Morgan's companion in her early rides on the sands. Mr. Wedderburn was a great friend, and had been the friend of the Ashburners in former days. Writing of him to her niece, Anne Ashburner (to whom he had sent a kind message), she says, "To

be remembered kindly by such a man as he is cannot be otherwise than gratifying to any one's feelings." Mr. Elphinstone was then on the eve of departure for England, and she deplored the prospect of losing in him "our kind and liberal-minded Governor." It was unfortunately necessary to destroy the journal she had so faithfully kept in order to comply with her expressed wish, but both it and the few letters which remain afforded ample proof of her superior intelligence and power of observation, as well as of her kind solicitude for others. Her first remark when her husband succeeded his brother as Solicitor to the East India Company, was "that the fine appointment will be the means of benefiting many besides ourselves." They had built a permanent residence at Bombay at a place called the "Breach," very near the famous Pagoda of Luxmee. "Old Peter," she says of one of the servants, "we still keep with us, and look upon him more in the light of a pensioner than anything else. The servants cry out against him as doing more harm than good, but the old fellow does not lose his confidence with age, but according to his own account, understands everything. Coomassie goes on much

as usual, and connects his consequence, I believe, a good deal with ours, always most anxious that we should ask the Governor, Chief Justice, etc." "With the thermometer up to 100 on the Esplanade," she writes, "we avoid visiting as much as possible, but we are upon most amicable terms with all parties, although since our stay here there have been repeated quarrels amongst the higher powers, particularly in the Supreme Court, and the Chief Justice has seemed to have a great prejudice against the Company's servants. However," she concludes, "he would, I believe, find it difficult to quarrel with Edmund, whose temper is as mild as I believe he is steady and regular in what he has to do. Last year he had a most heavy and laborious trial to conduct with regard to the Deccan prize money. It was during the rains and it appeared to me a very dismal time, as we had then such awful instances of the effect of the cholera, that whatever money might be gained by a residence in this climate it hardly seemed sufficient to repay one for the risk of remaining." In the hope of benefiting her health they had taken "a nice little Bungalow, ready furnished, at the top of the Ghauts," to

which they went for six weeks every year "for pleasure and for the benefit of change of air." It was still an arduous journey to the Deccan though for the greater part of the way from Panwell to Poona they were able to travel in a carriage, "but there is reason to hope," she says, "that the road will be still further improved." In one of her letters, written in 1826, she gave news of her brother in India. "Richard is busily engaged," she wrote, "at the Siege of Bhurtpoor, and has been appointed Field Surgeon to the Grand Army under Lord Combermere. The town was taken by storm, and the explosion of ten thousand pounds of powder contiguous to the point of attack was the signal for the assault. Twenty-eight officers are said to have fallen and five hundred men of ours killed, which are thought few considering the nature of the service. I fortunately got a few lines from Richard to tell me he was well and safe a few minutes before the Royal Salute was fired, or the suspense after hearing this news would have been very painful." In about two years from this time Richard Williams was able to leave India with Colonel's rank and on full pay. It had then become evident that Mrs. Morgan could no longer safely remain in India,

and that her only chance lay in an immediate return to England. It was a heart-rending alternative, for Mr. Morgan could not leave Bombay, but it was resolved that her sister Kitty and herself should go back under their brother Richard's care. It was a six months' voyage in those days. The invalid bore it with the greatest sweetness and patience, but her strength did not increase, and she arrived in England the shadow of a shade. They had the best advice in London, but the doctors only confirmed the worst suspicions as to the serious nature of the heart disease from which she was suffering. It was a melancholy return. During her short stay in London she was able to pay one visit to her uncle and aunt Morgan, at Stamford Hill, and to see her cousin Susan and the young niece Sarah Travers, of whom Mrs. Morgan "had been so fond." She was also able to pay a visit to her eldest brother and his wife, then living at Clapton Terrace, and to make the acquaintance of his young children, about whom she had so anxiously enquired in her letters. The name of the second girl was altered to please her. "She is so like my mother," she said, "let her be called Catherine," which was the little girl's second

name. The eldest girl can still recall that visit of her aunt's, and can see the kind face of the pale worn figure lying on the sofa, listening to her mother's singing. The song, "Oh Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" came to a sudden end. It brought back the past too vividly, and the performance ceased. After a short stay at Cheltenham by the doctor's advice, Mrs. Morgan desired her brother and sister to take her back to Bridgend, and there, in the old house on the hill, she very soon afterwards died.

CHAPTER XX.

BRIDGEND.

DYN A URDD Y LLE AC NID Y LLE Y DYN.
THE MAN HONOURS THE STATION, NOT THE STATION THE MAN.

The old house which had so long been the home of the Williams' family at Bridgend, was now finally abandoned. Richard Williams decided to settle at Clifton, and to make a home there for his two sisters and his brother Cadogan. With the exception of one visit to England, he had spent thirty years in India, and he had returned with a good fortune and a handsome pension. He had many sterling qualities and a character which commanded respect. Without brilliant talents, he possessed excellent common-sense and a very high standard of conduct. He had faithfully adhered to the liberal opinions of his family, and his great pleasure was reading on questions of religion and politics. He was of a very retiring nature, and had very little love of

society, though he had made many warm friends in India. Among these were the Lawrences, and their presence at Clifton was one of the chief attractions to the place. He took a keen interest in their sons, who were already beginning their distinguished career. It was a time of great political excitement, and not long after Mr. Williams settled at Clifton, the Bristol riots occurred, during which he was called upon to act as special constable. Armed with the sword he had worn during his service in India, he went out for the night when the disturbances were at their height, to the great alarm of his sisters. During the year 1832, the appearance of the cholera in England caused quite a panic. Medical science was unable to throw much light either upon its cause or its cure. So little was known of the laws of health that people failed to recognize the close connection that existed between insanitary conditions and the mysterious plague. Richard Williams had seen much of the disease in India, and had observed that it haunted the banks of rivers. Though this was also noted in England, it took a long time to establish the fact that the chief source of danger lay in

a contaminated water supply. The disease (the Cholera Morbus, as it was called,) made frightful ravages in London during the last year of Mr. John Williams' stay there. He was living in a street near one of the great hospitals, in which a terrible outbreak occurred, most of the deaths taking place on one side of the street. At the same time, his eldest girl (then about eight years old) was paying visits among her mother's friends and relations in Yorkshire, and her letters constantly refer to "that terrible thing" the cholera. "It is very bad at Bradford," she writes, "but it is no wonder, for there is a canal there, and they throw everything into it." In one of her letters there is a message to her great-uncle, Mr. Morgan of Stamford Hill, who died in 1833. He had challenged her when she last saw him, to repeat the dates of all the English kings from the Saxon times downwards. The postscript of the same letter tells a tale of the obstacles to letter-writing at that time. "Ask Papa to get a frank for your next letter, for I have only got sixpence," which was evidently not enough to pay the postage of a letter from London to Yorkshire. The next year the cholera appeared at Bridgend, to

which Mr. Williams had then returned, in order to resume the practice of his profession there. His services were in great request, since he was known to have had experience of the complaint in London. The greater number of the victims were poor people, and here too it was remarked that most of them lived close to the river Ogmore, almost all the inhabitants of a small village on its banks, called Angeltown, being carried away by the pestilence. Bridgend was usually remarkably healthy, and had that attraction for the natives of the place, which, according to the Welsh proverb: "The bird that is born in hell, in hell will he stay," is always so strong. During the next few years the Williams' family were gathered together at Bridgend. Richard Williams and his brother and sisters found a commodious house in a pleasant situation, with a charming view, not far from the old residence on Newcastle Hill. It was delightful to them all to be back in Wales. They were greatly interested in the children of their eldest brother. Richard Williams took ever increasing pleasure in the young people, and there seemed a prospect of much happiness before him. He showed the value he set upon superior educa-

tional advantages for women, by sending his brother's eldest daughter to a school at Bristol kept by Mrs. Carpenter and her daughter Mary, afterwards so well known as a philanthropist. The school was a pioneer of Girton and Newnham, and the advanced schools of the present day. Before the niece had spent half-a-year away, her kind uncle's death occurred after a very short illness, the result of his long residence in India. It was a serious misfortune to his family to lose this kind and conscientious man. He had made a generous use of his fine income, and was greatly beloved. He left the chief part of his fortune to his two sisters, and though his handsome pension died with him they were thereby rendered rich for those days. They continued to occupy the pleasant house at Bridgend, where they were cheered by the society of their brother and his wife and family. Their brother Cadogan, who completed the trio, was regarded by his family as an amiable visionary, full of schemes for the benefit of mankind, which only served to empty his own pocket. Had he been able to defend his ideas by scientific methods, it would have been recognized that he was inspired by a spark of genius, kindled

into activity by his benevolent enthusiasm. He was in advance of his time, and every one of his projects has since been carried out. Vessels are divided into water-tight compartments (as he was one of the first to suggest); vegetables have been kept fresh for winter use by a drying process, which he was fond of trying in his sisters' sunny garden; the very change in the construction of pumps, which he advocated, and which met with such ridicule, has been adopted; Government Life Assurance (his favourite panacea for the miseries of poverty) has proved to be thoroughly sound. The paper he printed on the subject is prefaced by the remark "that he had not been allowed to read it at the statistical section of the British Association, for which it had been prepared," yet the scheme has long since been carried out, and the arguments he used in its support would now be acknowledged as statesmanlike in their breadth and foresight. "The plan," he said, "would be highly educational, for it would be a standing lesson of forethought and prudential obligation. It would be no feeble link in the social chain to keep this country and Ireland united. The person who had purchased such an object of remote ad-

vantage as a provision for old age, would have given testimony of forethought, and as the payment of each annuity must depend on social order, the expectant of such must be pledged to its support." His enthusiasm for mankind in general was quite compatible with the very particular interest he took in the fortunes of his young nephews and nieces; this indeed, was the absorbing question that occupied his good sisters and himself. Their eldest brother, John Morgan Williams, had a large family and a small income, for soon after his marriage, he lost much of the money he had saved, by the failure of a bank, in 1825—that year of financial disaster. He had therefore been obliged to pursue his profession with fresh ardour, and when he returned to his native place, though no longer young, he took up with unflagging industry the hard work of a country doctor. Seldom has a struggle been more bravely maintained. Both his wife and himself were blessed with a sanguine disposition; he had by his side for twenty years a woman whose talents were only less remarkable than her perfect unselfishness. Her charming face and social gifts fitted her for a more brilliant lot

than that which she accepted with so much cheerfulness, employing all her bright powers in making her children's lives happy, and in encouraging in them every refined taste. Her lively imagination could extract pleasure from the most prosaic circumstances. In the midst of her ceaseless household cares, she would enliven the weekly little soirée (as it was called) by some tale or verse she had composed; she had a pretty talent of that kind, though she had no time to do justice to it. The tale she published (*Margam Abbey*) was less worthy of her than the little impromptu tales and verses, of which unluckily so few have been preserved. Her enthusiasm of humanity made her keenly alive to all the passing events of the day, while she was disposed, like charity, to "hope all things and to believe all things" of her fellow creatures. As time went on, the theological opinions in which she had been brought up, underwent some change. Her tone of mind was naturally devout, and was only rendered more so by the broader views she adopted, in which she so much rejoiced. Her death occurred in 1845, when several of her children were still young. It was hastened by the fatigue and anxiety she

endured during the serious illness of her son Leonard. For nine days and nights she never rested. Her son recovered from the typhoid fever, and lived to display many of the fine qualities in which he so strongly resembled his mother. Mr. Williams, who was nearly twenty years older than his wife, survived her for twenty years. His sons none of them took to their father's profession. The eldest sons became engineers. Their mother's two uncles, and her grandfather before them, were among the pioneers who turned from the construction of canals and harbours to the work of railroad making. Her uncle, Mr. Thomas Dyson, was then engaged as engineer on the Midland Railway, or rather on the North Midland, as that part which ran through Yorkshire was called. Railroads had made an early entrance into Glamorganshire. The Taff Vale Railway, which was completed in 1841, owed its origin chiefly to the exertions of their relation Mr. Coffin, and secured the prosperity of his Colliery at Dinas. He and his excellent brother and sisters had already taken a kind interest in their cousin's children, and they had formed a high estimate of Mrs. Williams' character.

Mary Coffin encouraged her brother to lend a helping hand to his young relations, and when her death occurred a few years before Mrs. Williams died, Mr. Williams' eldest daughter was invited to Llandaff, and the visit of this young relation, who was then seventeen, ended in her remaining altogether. It was a time of deep sorrow there, Miss Coffin had been all in all to her family. During her painful illness (which she knew to be mortal), she preserved the thoughtful consideration for others which had distinguished her through life. Her great anxiety was to make every arrangement which could lessen her loss to her brothers and Sarah, who had been more like her child than her sister. When Mrs. Williams died the connection with the Coffins became still closer, and exercised an important influence on the fortunes of the whole family. Mr. Williams' sanguine temper, which had enabled him to encounter so many difficulties in his own life, made him indulge the most cheerful hopes for his children. He lived to see his eldest son, Morgan, very successful as an engineer, following with the keenest interest the progress of the various works in which his son was engaged, in Italy, and afterwards in

Russia. His second daughter married soon after her mother's death, and went to live in Yorkshire, her mother's county. His sons were scattered far and wide, but he led a cheerful life in his cottage on the hill, reading his favourite classics and translating the *Principia* in his little library, and paying a visit almost daily to his sisters in their pleasant house close by. Llandaff was not far off, and his son Leonard, who was settled in the Glamorganshire Bank at Neath, never failed in his kind attentions to his father. There is a description in one of Leonard's letters to his eldest sister of his dinner at his aunts' at Newcastle Hill, with "the four octogenarians all looking remarkably well and hearty, while a tone of cheerfulness (taking occasionally the tone of badinage) prevailed, which you often miss in the society of younger people." Every summer many of the scattered members of the family were gathered together at Southerndown. The eldest daughter came with the Coffins to Craig-yr-ros, a house built by Mr. William Morgan, of Stamford Hill, on a little property he had inherited on the Southerndown coast. Mrs. Buckton, the second daughter, who had been married from Llandaff, was ever ready,

thanks to her good husband, to revisit the people she had left, and never failed them either at times of joy or sorrow. She was at Llandaff, with her little boy, during Mr. Coffin's election as Member for Cardiff, and hastened to her sister when Sarah Coffin's death, after a short illness, plunged them into sorrow. The family gathering on the sea-shore was the occasion of great rejoicing to the elders at Bridgend. The quaint carriage, with the old Coachman John, and Jerry the old horse, were much in requisition for the lively exchange of visits. When Mr. Coffin retired from Parliament in 1856, he took a charming house near Leeds to be near the Bucktons. Arthur Williams, his cousin's youngest son, came to live with his sister and himself, and afterwards went to London with them to study for the Bar. The old people at Bridgend died very near together. Mr. Williams survived the other three, dying in his ninety-first year, after a short illness, during which his son Arthur was with him, to admire the fortitude and cheerfulness with which he met death.

CHAPTER XXI.

WALTER COFFIN.

GOREU TRYSOR DAIONI.

THE BEST TREASURE IS GOODNESS.

Mr. Coffin lived several years after his cousin, Mr. Williams, whose death closed the connection of the family with Bridgend for some time to come. The last years of Mr. Coffin's life were spent in London, at Prince's Gate. He had settled there for the sake of his brother William, whose death, however, which occurred almost immediately afterwards, left him the last of his family. In the society of the younger people to whom he had been so kind, he enjoyed life, and took an interest in all that went on, to the very end. His house was a meeting place for the various members of the family, old and young. He was in his eighty-third year, when, after only a few days' illness, he died. Arthur Williams, the youngest of Mr. Williams' sons, who had lived with

him, wrote the following sketch of his life, and of the history of Dinas, which was left by Mr. Coffin to Arthur Williams' eldest sister. "The traveller who now passes along the branch of the Taff Vale Railway which runs up to the Rhondda Valley, sees colliery chimneys studding it on every side, and there is not a farm for miles round which is not under a mining lease. When Mr. Coffin began sinking his first shaft, the measures of coal he was about to search for had never been proved, having only been worked for local purposes by levels where they cropped out. The only roads that existed were in a miserable state; skilled labour was of course not to be obtained; the few mechanical appliances in the shape of machinery then known, were strange to the district. With all the energy and determination which were so conspicuous in his character throughout his long and busy life, Mr. Coffin set to work in the face of all these difficulties to carry out his purpose. Of a sanguine temperament, blended with a fine physical constitution, and backed by the substance of his father, he met and overcame, one by one, all the obstacles, physical and financial, which stood in his way.

After many delays and disappointments, and at a great expense, he reached the No. 2 and No. 3 veins of coal, which subsequently became so well known as "Coffin's Coal." When he had got his colliery into working order, he made, mainly at his own expense, a tramway for carrying the produce to the Glamorgan Canal, which had been originated for the purpose of transporting iron from Merthyr to Cardiff, by Richard Crawshay, the founder of the Crawshay family, and had been completed in 1795. The next difficulty which presented itself, was to create a market for his coal. With indefatigable perseverance, he devoted himself to the business of introducing Welsh coal, hitherto almost unknown, to the notice of the consumer. The expeditions he made to all parts of the kingdom, the experiments he tried to prove its value as fuel, the efforts he made to open outlets for its sale, formed a most interesting part of the story of his life, which he liked to tell, and told so well, for he inherited from his mother the rare art of telling a story with admirable skill and humour. At last, though only gradually, and with the lapse of many anxious and laborious years, the South Wales Coal, especially

'Coffin's Coal,' began to be sought after, and grew into demand. As the coal trade developed, and the iron manufacture at Merthyr increased, the latter began almost to engross the accommodation afforded by the Glamorgan Canal. In this case, as in the case of the Liverpool and Manchester Canal, 'expostulation,' to use the words of Mr. Smiles in his 'Lives of the Engineers,' 'was of very little use. They were too well supplied with business, and when pressed, were disposed to be very dictatorial.' Mr. Coffin was the last person to submit to this. With his usual sagacity, he had recognized the value of railways as a means of transport for heavy traffic, at a time when they were generally thought to be a delusion. In 1830, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the first locomotive line, was opened, and very soon afterwards he put forward a proposal for a railway from Merthyr to Cardiff. On every hand he was met by active or passive resistance. The Canal proprietary of course pooh-poohed the scheme, and his fellow colliery workers were most of them sceptical or faint-hearted. But with untiring perseverance he went on, until having gained the support of some influential men

who had confidence in him, he was able to bring in a Bill. After a long period of anxiety (for the Bill was opposed with the greatest determination in Committee,) it was passed in June, 1836, and the Taff Vale Railway Company was formed, with the late Sir John Guest as its Chairman, and Mr. Coffin as one of its Directors. With the greatest difficulty, its capital was subscribed, mainly through the personal influence and persuasion of these two gentlemen, and the works were at last completed. But for several years after the line was opened in 1841, it paid no dividend, and there was dismay and discontent among the shareholders. One unlucky plasterer who, acting on Mr. Coffin's advice, had invested part of his savings in its shares, seriously threatened to shoot him. He lived, however, to be the recipient of nine per cent. dividend, and to express the greatest contrition for his want of faith. The confidence of Mr. Coffin in the undertaking never wavered. He knew, and he told the shareholders, that there lay on either side of their line inexhaustible sources of traffic, which with a little patience and management would, before long, make it the most prosperous in the kingdom, and

Cardiff, which he had remembered almost a village, a large and flourishing town. In a comparatively few years these predictions were verified. He succeeded to the Chairmanship, gradually the dividend rose from nothing to four and from four to seven per cent., under his prudent and conscientious supervision. Fresh collieries were sunk, new iron works started, the whole district was opened up, branches were extended into the smaller valleys. With a capital of more than a million and a half the Taff Vale Railway now (1867) pays a dividend of more than ten per cent., and Cardiff has a population of 40,000 inhabitants. But it was not till 1841 that the tide of prosperity set in upon the undertaking, and Mr. Coffin reaped some, though a very inadequate reward, for his enterprise and public spirit. 'I dragged a dead horse by the tail for forty years' was his pithy description of his business career. In the year 1852 he retired from business altogether, under an arrangement with his partner Mr. William Ogle Hunt, who continued as the lessee. In the same year he received a requisition from a large number of the Liberal electors of Cardiff, asking him to become a candidate for the borough. Up to this time it had been

a pocket borough of the Bute family, and the Marquis of Bute, succeeding to it as an inheritance, always nominated the Member. When, however, the Marquis devoted a large part of his fortune to the construction of the magnificent Docks, which bear his name, he was helping to bring about a result he never contemplated. Cardiff from an insignificant place grew to be an important seaport and town, with a large number of electors who held independent political views. Though grateful for all that enlightened self-interest had induced the Marquis to do for Cardiff, they felt that their gratitude did not justify the neglect of their own duties as electors. Holding Liberal views in politics, they were represented by the late Right Hon. John Nicholl, of different political opinions, and a nominee of the Bute Trustees. They were determined to vindicate their franchise, and Mr. Coffin conferred a last service upon Cardiff by coming forward to open the Borough. No one else could have done it. He had justly earned the confidence of his fellow citizens by his consistent conduct as a politician. At a time when Liberal opinions were most unpopular in the country, he had fearlessly

claimed the sight of free worship, an extended franchise and free trade. With the humbler classes his popularity was unbounded, and he certainly deserved it. Beneath an apparent coldness of manner, which he put on from his dislike for all mere profession of feeling, there lay a wealth of genuine kindness and humanity. During more than forty years his sympathies had been strongly pronounced in favour of those who suffer. In the Justice Room, at the Board of Guardians, at Quarter Sessions, at his Works, the poor had always found him their true friend, merciful in judgment, their protector against oppression, their counsellor in trouble, the peacemaker in their disputes. After a severe and close contest, Mr. Coffin was elected. It would answer no useful end to recall the bitter animosities which the contest caused. The arena of the House of Commons requires a training which no natural talent can supply, and Mr. Coffin, who entered it at 68, declined, with his usual good sense, to risk his reputation as a speaker. He had indeed all the natural endowments of an orator,—a fine person and presence, a retentive memory, a ready wit, and a voice of singular power and sweetness.

Never diffuse, and never at a loss for clear and forcible language, he went straight to the point, and though his speeches were never long they were always lucid and convincing. He possessed, too, brilliant powers of sarcasm, which, however, he rarely used, except when his contempt or indignation were roused by what was mean or unjust. Then he used them unsparingly, and they gave a wholesome sharpness both to his public speaking and his conversation. During the great Corn Law agitation he came forward against the landlords and farmers, and almost single-handed fought the battles of free trade with a genial but searching raillery which did good service to the cause. 'Always leave off when they ask you to go on' was his often repeated maxim on this subject. He was of course too much engaged in affairs to make his public speaking a matter of much study, yet Glamorganshire during his time had no more effective speaker. His influence in public affairs was rendered all the more weighty by his rare business capacity, his shrewd good sense and his imperturbable temper. He soon found the late sittings in the House of Commons very trying, and feeling that in opening the Borough he

had fulfilled his mission, he resigned his seat in 1857. The last years of his life he passed in England, that he might have the society and attention of some members of his family who were attached to him by feelings of gratitude and affection; but to the last he retained the liveliest interest in his native country and all that went on there. Every autumn he spent two or three months on the Glamorganshire Coast, mostly at or near Southerndown, the scene of some of his earliest recollections. He died in 1867, at his residence at Prince's Gate, Hyde Park, from the mere physical decay of old age. That decay fell only upon the poor human tenement. To the last his clear intellect remained unclouded, and his kind heart was thoughtful for those around him."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE WELSH FAMILY.

TYWYNED GRAIENYR EI RANN.

THE GRAIN OF SAND HAS ITS PORTION OF THE BEACH.

Mr. Coffin was the last survivor in his own generation of the descendants of Rice Price of Tynton. A quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, during which many of the succeeding generation have passed away. The influence which Rice Price exercised over those who sprang from him may, in some cases, still be traced. The dispositions of his will affected the life and character of his eldest son by his first wife, and of those who descend from him. They retain the position he helped them to gain as country squires in Glamorganshire, and they hold the opinions generally prevalent in that class of society. The poverty and hardships which fell to the lot of his son

Richard, called forth his fine qualities, and were the preparation for his noble and unselfish career. Through his sister, Mrs. Morgan, and her husband (who were in perfect sympathy with him), his influence on their children was unbounded. Their sons William and George, and their daughters Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Coffin, grew up under the spell of a character as loveable as it was noble. The times in which they lived lent emphasis to his teaching. The young people themselves suffered under the civil and religious disabilities against which their uncle's whole life was a protest. The universities were closed against his nephews, their liberty as citizens was curtailed by tests and restrictions. Neither free speech, nor a free press existed. At their uncle's house they met the eminent men who, at the risk of their lives, were fighting the battles of freedom in America and in France, and from them they learned to sympathize with the oppressed, whether at home or abroad. How keenly George Morgan felt for the people is seen in his letters from France, and in his description of the barbarities practised in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. The heroic struggles by which the cause

of Civil and Religious Liberty has been won, are apt to be forgotten, but the spirit which animated Dr. Price was caught by the young people who surrounded him, and was transmitted to many of their descendants. William and George Morgan were both of them men of remarkable ability. Their children inherited talents which were displayed in this country as well as in America and in India. William Morgan's sons were all able men. Two of them were accomplished mathematicians, Arthur, the youngest, succeeding his father as Actuary of the Equitable Assurance Society. John, the second son, was a distinguished surgeon; a grandson of his, Mr. Arthur Waugh, took the Newdigate prize at Oxford, and is pursuing a successful literary career. George Morgan's family went to America after their father's too early death. Among them were two able lawyers, who served the East India Company with distinction at Bombay. Another son, Richard Price Morgan (who had much of his father's genius), died at an advanced age in the United States, where he has left his mark in the shape of railroads and other important engineering works. He seems indeed to have possessed every talent

but that of money making. He left a fine family, some of whom have become prosperous citizens in the Western States of America. There are still living, at an advanced age, delightful representatives of the cousins, the two Sarahs. In America the two Miss Ashburners, and Sara Travers in England. It is only to be regretted that neither Sara Travers nor Anne Ashburner have been induced to record the interesting experiences for which they possessed such admirable qualifications. Mrs. Ashburner's two sons, George and Samuel, and her daughter Mrs. Sedgwick, have left many representatives. George Ashburner went to India, and established a great Commercial House at Calcutta, showing distinguished ability in his career there. He left a large fortune to his only daughter and her children. A great-grandson of Mr. George Morgan, Walter Ashburner, has won distinction at Oxford and is a fellow of Merton College. A great-granddaughter, the child of Mrs. Sedgwick, came back to England to marry the eldest son of Charles Darwin, the greatest man of science of this century. The Coffin family, which represented two of Rice Price's daughters—Mrs.

Coffin, his daughter by the first wife, and Mrs. Morgan, his daughter by his second wife—have died out. Richly endowed in mind and person as the members of that family were, none of them married, to the great disappointment of their mother, Mrs. Coffin. The advantages which there were no descendants of her own to enjoy, fell to the lot of her sister Mrs. Williams's grandchildren. It was the privilege of these young people, the sons and daughters of her eldest son, John Morgan Williams, to be thrown much into the society of their cousins at Llandaff. To be with them was a liberal education. The great questions of the nineteenth century were studied by them in an enlightened spirit worthy of the best traditions of the family. Fierce and long struggles preceded the adoption of Free Trade, the removal of religious disabilities, the extension of the franchise, and (as its consequence) the passing of the Elementary Education Act. The young people who witnessed the fight so valiantly fought for these measures and their ultimate triumph, took the lesson to heart. They have all steadfastly adhered to the Liberal Cause. Two of the sons have been able to support it in their

native county. The elder brothers were engineers. Morgan Bransby Williams, the eldest, after much professional experience in England and Italy, was engaged for several years in the construction of 800 miles of railroad in the Baltic Province of Russia. He married a Russian lady, the Baroness von Wulf. The Emancipation of the Serfs (of whom there were 1,500 on her estate) took place after his marriage. Alexander II., the author of that measure, came to Riga for the opening of the Riga and Dunaburg Railway, which had been completed with rare accuracy within the limits of time and expense promised by the engineer. The compliments the Emperor paid him on the occasion, and the diamond ring with which he was presented, were well deserved. On the death of his wife he decided to leave Russia on the completion of his work. He then retired from his profession and settled in Glamorganshire, where as a magistrate and in other capacities, he has taken an active part in the affairs of his native county. As he is a strong Liberal he was asked to be a candidate for West Glamorgan, but declined as he was then out of health, but he now stands first on the list as High Sheriff for that county this year.

Richard Price Williams, the second brother, is still practising his profession. His original calculations, and graphic statistics, have done much to throw light on various difficult problems. His paper on the "Maintenance and Renewal of Permanent Way," for which the Institution of Civil Engineers awarded him the Telford Medal and thirty pounds' worth of books, did much to recommend the Bessemer process and to push forward the use of his friend Sir Henry Bessemer's steel rails, to which the public was not yet converted. "What! put down a brittle material like steel on the running road of our main line?" was Sir John Hawkshaw's reply to Price Williams' application to him for permission to do so. "I should be tried for manslaughter." Sir John Hawkshaw was one of the first to congratulate the author on his paper, saying, "Now you may put down as many Bessemer rails as you like." In 1866 he was asked by Government to serve on the Coal Commission: his calculations—founded on the basis of diminishing ratios—affected not only the question of the duration of the coal supply, but the future feeding of the nation, and to this last subject his paper on

"Population" referred. He was engaged in 1867 on a most important enterprise; the examination and valuation of the railways and canals of Ireland, to which he was appointed by Government when a proposal to purchase them was before Parliament. In 1889 his report on the condition of the Rolling Stock on the railways of New South Wales has led to the expenditure of £1,300,000 on repairs, which were urgently needed. His connection with Australia has indeed, of late years, led to many engagements at the Antipodes, and has caused him to make the circuit of the globe several times.

Leonard Dyson Williams, the third brother, who was a banker at Swansea, died in 1876. His death called forth tributes to his high character from all parties. The warmth of the eulogy, and the general recognition of the extent of the public loss, was remarkable in the case of a citizen of such extreme modesty and of such unpretending demeanour. He was valued not only for his service as a County Magistrate, for his staunch support of the Liberal Cause, and for his great ability as a man of business, which had been conspicuous in the establishment of the Swansea Bank, now

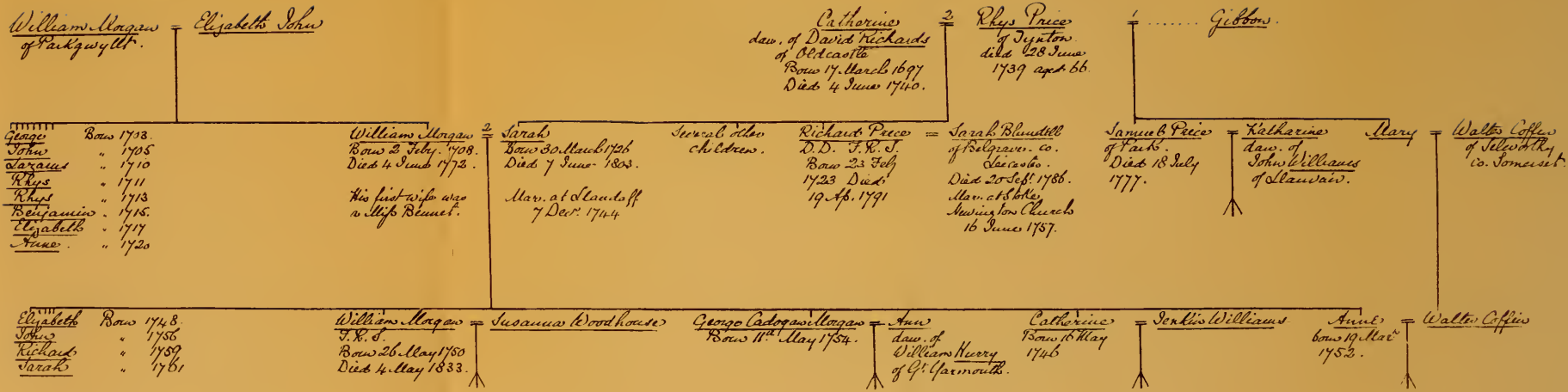
such an important undertaking, but for his devotion to every movement, whether social, moral, or political, having a tendency to the humanizing of the race.

Arthur John Williams, the youngest of the brothers, who as a youth took such a warm interest in the battle for Liberal opinions won by his benefactor, Mr. Coffin, and whose memoir of him has been given, represents the Southern division of Glamorganshire in Parliament, having thrice successfully contested it in the Liberal Cause. Mrs. Buckton, one of the daughters, has shown her interest in Popular Education by giving her services for nine years to the Leeds School Board, of which she was three times elected a member. In anticipation of the changes since made in the Education Code, she promoted instruction in the laws of health and in the domestic arts by her successful lectures to the children, which were printed and became very popular, as "Health in the House," etc.

In looking back at the lives of those to whom these memorials relate, their chief characteristics would seem to have been a readiness to recognise the justice and necessity of progressive reforms.

To each succeeding generation fresh problems have been set, and have been solved in this same spirit, which is of the very essence of Liberalism.

The Morgan Family.



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